

PROCEEDINGS
—OF THE—
CENTENNIAL REUNION

—OF THE—
MOORE FAMILY,

HELD AT BELLEVILLE, ILL.,

≈ MAY 31 AND JUNE 1, 1882. ≈

ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED

—BY—

DR D. N. MOORE & McCABE MOORE,
CARLYLE, ILL.

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By DR. D. N. MOORE AND MCCABE MOORE.

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INTRODUCTORY.

In the spring of 1881, it occurred to the minds of a few of the Moore family to have a centennial re-union of the descendants of Capt. James Moore, who came with his little party of emigrants, to settle in the Illinois country and landed at Kaskaskia in the fall of 1781.

But as it was then, (in 1881) believed to be impracticable, the thought was abandoned, and in February, 1882, Capt. J. M. Moore, of Oakland, California, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. H. A. Allyn, of Springfield, Illinois, suggested the idea of having a centennial re-union of the family in the following spring, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Capt. James Moore, at Bellefontaine, Illinois. This letter was forwarded to some others of the family living in Illinois, who, after a consultation, decided to have the meeting at Belleville, May 31st and June 1st, 1882.

So well was the family pleased with the proceedings of the re-union, that they expressed their desire to have them published in book form, not for self-adulation, nor that they thought there was any superiority, or peculiarity in the family over that of any other family, but to leave to their posterity a history, as correct as they have been able to collect of the family. Some of the facts related in this book have not been recorded in any history, but were known to a few of the older members of the family now living. The others were taken principally from "Peck's Annals of the West," the authenticity of which the family has no reason to doubt, for he had the best opportunity to collect a correct personal history of the first American settlers of Illinois,

living, as he did, at Rock Springs, in the immediate neighborhood of the older members of the families of Lemons, Ogles, Scotts and Rutherfords. He was a near neighbor of Larken Rutherford, who came with Capt. James Moore, and to Benjamin Ogle, who came in 1785. They were not only neighbors, but belonged to the same church, the Baptist, of which he was the pastor, and his book was written during their lifetime. We have no authentic history of the family extending back farther than to 1713, to the birth of James Moore.

His wife's name was Hannah, but we do not know to what family she belonged, nor does the record state where he was born. His children were as follows: David, born in 1743; Mary, in 1745; Hannah, in 1747; James, the Illinois pioneer, in 1750; Margaret, in 1752; William, in 1754, and John, in 1756, it is thought in Virginia. Of the seven children just mentioned, we have no account whatever except of James. Something is known of one of William's sons. By publishing this, we are in hopes it may fall under the eyes of some one who will be able to give interesting information of those of the family who are lost to us. As no book was ever published without the author having some object in so doing, the above are the reasons offered for publishing this.

D. N. MOORE, M.D.

CARLYLE, ILL.

[From the Missouri Republican of June 2, 1882.]

THE MOORES.

They Meet and Hold a Centennial Reunion at Belleville, Ill.

**A Gathering That Would Have Caused the Original
Moore to Weep for Joy.**

The centennial reunion of the Moore family and old settlers of southern Illinois was in full blast at Winkelman's park, Belleville, yesterday. For a couple of months arrangements have been in progress to gather together as many as possible of the numerous descendants of Gen. James Moore, who are distributed in nearly every State in the Union, on the centennial anniversary of the old pioneer's advent into Illinois in 1782. It was first intended to hold the reunion near Bellefontaine, Monroe county, Illinois, where Gen. Moore first settled, but finally it was determined to change the original place of meeting to Belleville, in and around which place many of the descendants live.

The Moores were the pioneers of southern Illinois. They were natives of Virginia and Maryland, and settled in what is now Monroe county, near Waterloo, in the spring of 1782, when the country was a wilderness and inhabited by savages. They were brave energetic, and, as was necessary, adventurous. The family is a remarkable one—strong in personality, in numbers, in character, influence, intellect and persistency. They are connected by marriage with nearly every prominent family in southern Illinois—with the Whitesides, the Ogles, the Chaffins, the McRoberts, the O'Melvencys, Kinneys, Lemens, James, Stanleys, Millers, Biggs, Scotts—all early settlers. They have filled important and

responsible offices under county, State and Federal governments. Many of the descendants of the gallant old pioneers, according to programme, proud of their ancestry, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of their fathers' first settlement in Illinois, met in re-union as stated in Belleville yesterday.

They came from all parts, and it is stated that ten States were represented, and to look at the crowd of Moores yesterday one could not help thinking of how much society is indebted to Gen. James Moore even in one generation. They were all noble, intelligent and influential-appearing people, both male and female, old and young, and of such a character as to make an impress upon the communities in which they reside.

The day was pleasant, and the grounds in splendid condition for the commingling of people upon such an occasion. Besides the Moore family members there were numerous old settlers from various parts of Southern Illinois, and they looked as if they wanted to be called of the Moore clan also. The Moore members comprised old men with whitened locks, tottering step, stooped with the burdens and cares of eighty and ninety years of life, to the infant suckling at its mother's breast. Old men and women, those of middle age, maidens and young men, boys and girls, children there were congregated together in large numbers—all descendants of Gen. Jim Moore of 1782. Very many of them had never seen or even heard of one another before, but an introduction was all that was necessary to make them as brothers and sisters, and the badges which they wore upon their left breasts identified them as of the veritable Moore family. Many an anecdote was told by the older to the younger and to one another concerning old times and respected ancestors now living and others departed to another life.

The hour for the opening of the exercises having arrived, the assemblage, numbering about 1,000, was called into the grand exhibition hall, where seats were provided, and the platform and building appropriately decorated. Upon the centre of the wall over the platform was a large portrait of Gen. Moore. Upon the stage were the following prominent old members of the Moore family and old settlers: E. W. Moore, Decatur, Ill.; B. J. West, Sr., Belleville; D. N.

Moore, Carlyle, Ill.; Henry R. White, R. A. Moore, Rev. Samuel Walker, Joseph Ogle, St. Clair county; John Milton Moore, Oakland, Cal.; James B. Moore, Brighton; E. M. West, Edwardsville; William McClintock, Belleville; Joseph Gillespie, Edwardsville; Felix Scott, Belleville, Ill.; Abram Eyman, Decatur; Benjamin McGuire, Benton; B. J. Smith, Centralia; Solomon Teeter, Elijah Stookey and others.

The assemblage was called to order by Dr. E. W. Moore, of Decatur, Ill., who announced that the exercises would commence and the programme be gone through with.

The following prayer was made by E. M. West, of Edwardsville, Ill.

PRAYER BY E. M. WEST AT THE MOORE RE-UNION.

Almighty and ever-living God! The Creator and Preserver of all men: the Giver of all good; the Author of everlasting life. Hallowed be Thy name. With heart and voice we this day praise Thee as the righteous Governor of the world, the Ruler amongst the families and the nations of the earth.

To Thee, as the God of providence, for this happy re-union of kindred and friends we offer thanksgiving and praise, and call Thee our Father who art in Heaven.

With hand in hand and heart to heart we meet and greet each other, and thank Thee for our preservation and the joy which this occasion inspires. We recognize and adore that beneficence which brings us together under such happy circumstances, and which has made and preserved ours as a great and prosperous nation; that gave wisdom and courage to our forefathers to found this nation in liberty and justice, and the blessings which they ordained of civil and religious freedom have been by their descendants maintained; that whilst our national domain has been enlarged in the years that have passed, the integrity of the nation has been preserved so that on this day the nations of the earth may behold in these States that individual right and freedom which alone can make a contented, free and happy people.

Oh God! we thank Thee that from the northern border of this favored land, where, amid the roar of her mighty waters, Heaven's eternal bow of peace and beauty gilds and

glorifies Niagara's cliffs, to the sea-girt southern line, where God's gifts make it an Eden of fragrance and beauty, union and harmony prevail.

That from the rock-bound Atlantic, where the song of the sea-wave begins the music of the morning, to the far off Pacific whose peaceful waters murmur their evening benediction to her golden shores as the tide floats out to the sounding sea, peace and prosperity abound.

Let her green savannahs, her mountains of treasure, her rich and golden harvests, her tide of industry, her happy homes, her marts of prosperous trade, her institutions of learning and religion, breathe their inspirations into glad hearts, that with voice and soul we may exclaim: "God bless our native land!"

May her children, with all who seek a home beneath the folds of her flag, her bright skies and just laws, recognize their obligations to Thee, to their country and to themselves, and dwell in peace and unity together. May the dew of her mountains be as the dew of Hermon, when God commanded his blessings of peace.

May the homes of her people be happy homes, consecrated to purity, affection and religion. May her institutions be freedom, and prosperity be continued to latest time. And when cronology shall no longer mark the events of time, nor history record the rise and fall of earthly institutions, and the nations of the world shall be summoned to stand in the presence of God, may this nation come forth unimpaired, and taking her place beside those of earlier and later ages be distinguished far above them all as that nation founded in justice and religion under the auspices of Heaven, which arose and prospered but never fell.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, BY MAYOR B. J. WEST OF BELLEVILLE.

Ladies and gentlemen and members of the Moore re-union:

All history, well written, is of value as well as interesting to the reader. I doubt not but if the history of each participant in this re-union of your family was written, much might be gleaned therefrom that would benefit each one of us. I am persuaded that the American people have, as a nation, greatly neglected this important duty of handing down to each succeeding generation an authentic

biography of their ancestors. In this city, then a small village, away back in the shadowy past, some of your ancestors located. The first one, however, James Moore, settled at Bellefontaine, Monroe county, adjoining us on the south. He came from that memorable and historic State, Virginia, in 1780. Could the veil be drawn aside and his spirit look down upon this large family here assembled at the end of this the first century, enjoying the blessing of this great and productive country, he would, in my opinion, enjoy a deep conviction, that his judgment and opinion of God's creation had been based upon more than ordinary judgment. Since meeting you in this reunion of your family, I have thought what a pleasure it would be, what a halo of glory it would throw around our younger generation to see mingling around and about this beautiful park the faces of the old pioneer men who first settled in this beautiful valley, such faces as those of the Whitesides, Scotts, Lemens, McClintocks, Phillipses, Thomases, Mitchells, Stookeys, Eymens, Millers, Shooks, Morrisons, Reynolds, Nowlins, Kinneys, Griffins, Harrisons, Hughes, Hinckleys, Ogles, Edwards, Tates, Badgleys, Afflecks, Murrays, and others long since passed away. What a pleasure it would be to meet them here with you. Our city is now large enough and our hearts big enough to entertain them all.

As the representative of our people I take more than ordinary pleasure in extending to you, members of an old and respected family, a cordial welcome to our city. I am told that among your number present there are some ten States represented. We, as citizens of Belleville, gratefully acknowledge the compliment conferred upon us.

I see among you a few who have witnessed the frosts of eighty winters or more. What changes have taken place in this part of the State some of you may realize, and many of these honored white heads could tell us an untold story.

I sincerely hope that your stay among us will prove pleasant and remain a bright spot in your memory. Here you will find a warm-hearted people, and to you we will leave our latch-string on the outer door. To those of you now past the medium of life the hope that your declining years may prove the most happy and peaceful of your lives I am sure is the hope and wish of the people of Belleville.

RESPONSE BY DR. D. N. MOORE, OF CARLYLE, ILL.

Your Honor:—The Hon. A. A. Moore of Oakland, California, who was selected by the committee to fill this place on the programme, being absent, I have been requested to act in his stead to represent the family in returning thanks through you, to the very generous citizens of your enterprising, busy, little city—Belleville, as its name implies, “The Beautiful City.”

In standing here to-day, at the close of a century since our pioneer ancestor settled in Illinois, and looking back over the very early history of Virginia, we find in 1620—more than two and a half centuries ago, and only thirteen years after the first settlement of Jamestown—the names of Sir George Moore, Arthur Moore and Richard Moore. And a little later, some two hundred years back, we find in the Legislative Council, representing the same county, Bernard Moore and Francis West. We do not know that the Moore family assembled here now, is in any way related to any of those just mentioned, for the family record, so far as we know, extends back only to 1716, to the birth of James Moore, the father of the Illinois pioneer. Nor do we know that your Honor is in any way related to Francis West; but the coincident is worthy of remark that two centuries back the names of West and Moore were associated together, and two hundred years later, two old Virginia families, bearing the corresponding names, are seen side by side.

And now, in the name of the family and of the old settlers allow us to tender you our sincere thanks for this elaborate preparation and magnanimous reception.

ADDRESS BY HON. JOSEPH GILLESPIE OF EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.

Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I have never been at a greater loss than I am on this occasion, to know how or where to begin saying what may reasonably be expected of me.

It is an old and trite saying, that “a good start is about half the journey.” This depends upon circumstances. According to the idea of the darkey, who was once asked by a traveler the distance to a certain place, and who

replied: "If you'se gwine a-foot it's 'bout ten miles; if you'se hoss-back it's 'bout five, but if you'se goes on de railroad you'se dah now."

Other elements might be taken into account, and again, this path which I am going to try to tread is so new to me, that even if I could get a good start, and have a railroad to travel on, I might, and probably shall, find myself in the condition of a celebrated Kentucky lawyer named Bledsoe, who was attending to a case, which he assured his client he could gain. Bledsoe had a fashion, when addressing the Court, of rocking from one foot to the other. He lost the case and gave as a reason, that he unfortunately started off the wrong foot.

We are here to celebrate the centennial advent of the progenitor of the Moore family into Illinois.

Reynolds in his pioneer history of Illinois, says that James Moore settled here in 1781. He is probably mistaken a year in his dates. Moore, he says, was a native of Maryland and was the leader of a small band of enterprising persons, consisting of Shadrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Larkin Rutherford, James Garrison and himself. He settled near Bellefontaine, in Monroe county. This adventure was undertaken, and successfully accomplished while the revolutionary war was progressing and the whole country was under arms, and no one could tell what instant he might find himself and family in the hands of merciless savages.

It is impossible for me to imagine a more daring enterprise. I can conceive of men of heroic temperament nerving themselves, for the moment, up to the pitch of entering the "deadly breach," or marching to the cannon's mouth; but what is that strain upon the feelings compared with the dread which must have rested upon the minds of these noble pioneers for months and years without intermission? During their perilous journey and for years after their location, they, and their wives and children, were constantly menaced by the most appalling dangers. In contemplating the characters of those men, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion that they were made of sterner stuff than the rest of mankind.

Our remote ancestors, who left the cradle of the Japhetic or Aryon family, in central Asia, marched—in hordes—to the possession of countries long the abode of luxurious

and effeminate peoples; but our pioneer would go single-handed and alone into the midst of the most ferocious savages, and there erect his cabin, and make his little clearing, environed by unspeakable dangers and hardships. And all this was done and suffered, not that he expected ease, comfort and safety in his day. It was for the benefit of his and her descendants; and here let me remark, that all that I have said, or may say, in commendation of the fathers, applies in full force to the noble mothers of that day.

If our ladies of the present generation shall make themselves as useful, and stamp as good an impression upon their posterity as our "Pioneer Mothers" did, they will be entitled to the thanks of coming generations.

Don't misunderstand me, ladies. I am not intending to impute any shortcomings on your part in the line of your duty. I am simply admonishing you that the work set for you to reach is away up yonder. Lest some churlish fellow might accuse me of wanting in devotion to the divine sex, permit me to remark that although I do not endorse all that Bob Ingersoll says, but what he did say in reference to the creation of Eve meets with my hearty concurrence.

He says, in speaking of her having been made out of one of Father Adam's ribs, "that considering the raw material used, it was the best job ever done." I go farther than Bob, and maintain that without reference to the raw material it was perfection. She was a much better piece of work than that ungallant old thing, Father Adam, for whom I have never entertained unqualified respect since I learned that he tried to lay the blame of eating the apple upon his kind-hearted but rather inquisitive spouse. I agree with Bobby Burns, who says:

"His 'prentice hand he tried on man, and then he made the lassies, O!"

It is even a mooted question with some whether Mother Eve was to blame for eating the apple. The command, not to eat it was not given to her. It is true she said to the serpent that the fruit was not to be eaten. She could have had this only second hand or by hearsay, and until our Supreme Court shall decide against her I will maintain her side of the case. Having planted myself firmly on the side of the ladies, malice may do its best; I shall have an abiding

faith that all I may say will be understood as intended for their good, for "whom he loveth, he chasteneth."

Those "Mothers in Israel" spun and wove every stitch of clothing for their husbands and sons, and made them up.

They milked and churned, and made their own butter and cheese, besides doing their own housework, and had no sewing-society gatherings, unless we may consider a "quilting," about once a year, as of that ilk. They were not given much to shopping and running up bills at the stores "unbeknowst" to their too confiding husbands. They did not dress in silks and satins and laces, and were not frilled and furbelowed and flounced from top to toe. They did not have one costume for breakfast, another for dinner, and another for supper, as it is said our "shoddy" Americans do, when they are abroad, apeing the airs of the aristocrats of foreign countries. On the contrary, it was no uncommon thing for a saving and tidy girl, in those early days to go barefooted, with her shoes in her hand, till she neared the church, and then put them on.

The name "Moore," is Gaelic, and means great chief, tall, mighty, proud. This family is found in both Scotland and Ireland. Sir John Moore, who defeated the French at the battle of Coruna and was himself killed, belonged to Scotland, and Thomas Moore, one of the most charming poets in the world, belonged to the Irish branch. There was a rollicking fellow, also of the "Emerald Isle," named Rory O'Moore, who let out the secret that when a young lady says "No," when the question is "popped," she very often means "Yes," and this is said to be of infinite value to bashful swains. Then there is Kathleen O'Moore and many more.

Governor Reynolds informs us, in his history of Illinois, on page 90, that "the first site that James Moore made his resting place, was not far from the southwest of Waterloo, in Monroe county, at a spring called Slab spring." That he was a man of ability and responsibility is evident from the fact that he was the acknowledged leader of the party, who came out from Maryland; but also from the further fact that soon after his arrival here he was employed by Gabriel Cere, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, to trade with the Indians in the western part of Tennessee, which he continued to do for many years, and the present site of

Nashville, the capitol of that State, then called the French Licks, was his headquarters. Governor Reynolds says that "he raised a large family whose descendants in Illinois are numerous and respectable.

In casting about to discover the source of happiness I am satisfied that it is not to be found in the acquisition of wealth, nor is it to be derived from the possession of power or place; these things are nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. Cræsus was not happy, nor is Jay Gould. Alexander the Great was not happy, nor was the illustrious Napoleon.

But Abraham, Isaac and Jacob enjoyed the full measure of human felicity, not from the possession of wealth or power, but from the contemplation of their posterity.

The promise to them was not that they should be rich and great, but that "their posterity should be numerous as the sands on the seashore, or as the stars in heaven."

Infinite wisdom knew wherein earthly happiness consisted, and how the cravings of the human heart could be best satisfied. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob died contented and happy in the belief that they were to be blessed in their posterity, and so, in my humble opinion, did James Moore. I can conceive of no temporal consideration that is equal in giving comfort, while passing through the dark shadows of the Valley of Death, to the assurance that we are to be honored in our posterity. When the mother of the Græchi was asked to show her jewels she presented her two sons, who, poor fellows, were assassinated because, like their grandfather, Scipio-Africanus, they sympathized with the Plebeians in their just demands for a share with the Patricians in the division of the conquered lands. Every child should understand that when it misbehaves it is planting a thorn in the heart of a loving parent. ~~These~~ are sentiments which are the result of the experience of unnumbered ages, and are sometimes confounded with supposed revelations, but are vastly more authentic than the lubrications of philosophy; one of which is "honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord giveth thee." This is an axiom of the Chinese and the Greeks, as well as of the Hebrews.

You, friends of the Moore family, I think I can safely say have not only by your demonstrations on this occasion,

but by your general walk and conversation, illustrated the hopes and expectations of your great progenitor, the pioneer James Moore. It has been my good fortune for a period of upwards of sixty-two years to be acquainted, either individually or collectively, with the Moore family, and if any of them have acted in a manner to reflect discredit upon their illustrious progenitor, it has escaped my recollection. They have been orderly citizens, and devoted to their country and its institutions. I do not claim for them that they are better flesh and blood than many others, but I do contend that they—so far as my knowledge extends—come up to the requirement of being good citizens, and thus far in them James Moore has been honored, and his prophetic anticipations realized. A considerable portion of the life of the Moore family consisted of what we call the “early days”—that is, before the advent of the cruel “Yankee” dispensation.

These northern barbarians entailed upon us (of the male gender) the onerous task of “pailing the keowes;” of sheltering our stock in winter; of cultivating prairie lands; building warm houses, and digging wells so as to deprive our women of the enjoyment of carrying water in “piggins” on their heads half a mile for the family; of filling the land with comfortable churches and school-houses, railroads and other labor-saving inventions. Before these evil times were brought upon us we cut our wheat with sickles, and big farmers—on a pinch—could raise ten acres of wheat. We could spend three days in going to and returning from St. Louis, if the weather and roads were favorable.

Now we cannot consume more than an hour or two in the same task. Then, they had the privilege of trudging on foot, at the plow-tail, and of threshing their grain with a flail, or tramping it out with horses.

Now, we must thresh with steam-power. Now, we must ride and plow; ride and plant; ride and sow; ride and mow; ride and rake; and our better halves and daughters are spoiled with patent churns, sewing machines and the like. No more do we hear the delightful click of the loom, or the hum of the wheel resounding through the land. The dismal clatter of trains, and the shrieks of the engines have drowned the music of the olden times. Then, we could wait patiently a month for news from the heart of

the nation. Now, it breaks upon us by means of these horrid telegraphs and telephones in the twinkling of an eye from the uttermost parts of the earth. Oh! for a return of the good old times. No more can we, as our venerable sires used to do, saunter through the woods the live-long day, and shoot down the lordly "buck." We shall never again attend the festive "shooting-match;" and worse than that, never have the glorious privilege of doing as Governor Reynolds' Kentuckian bemoaned the loss, of "fighting in peace." Those were halcyon days, gone never to return; the present is brought upon us by the finger of destiny, and the machinations of these pestilent "Yankees." Oh, how great was the wisdom and forecast of Daddy Biggs when he excluded, in his prayer, these "wicked and benighted Yankees," from any participation in the benefits of God's grace.

What I have said of the Moore family was intended to be complimentary, but I must say by way of disparagement that they have always been suspected of being in favor of what is termed "progress." So far as the later generations are concerned they are evidently laboring under the delusion that it is better to have all the modern appliances of civilization than to remain in the condition of their fathers.

This is very much to be deplored, but I don't see how it can be mended. They are to a certain extent, a perverse generation. They have, generally, voted the same ticket, and adhered to the same religious faith as their fore-fathers. But they seem to have caught the infection that has been spread abroad by these "Yankees;" and let me say to you, people of Belleville, that you are in a similar frame of mind. You now have 15,000 inhabitants, and instead of being a city of magnificent distances you are crowded into beggarly dimensions. Spaces that were, within a few years since, devoted to cow pastures, are now occupied with begrimed nail mills, forges, factories and manufacturing establishments, where your citizens are gathered together, toiling and moiling, for filthy lucre, for no better object than to feed, clothe and educate their families.

Formerly these noble citizens used to meet on the street corners, and sit and whittle goods boxes, and discuss and decide the affairs of St. Clair county, next of the State, and

then of the Nation. You had then, over your heads, the umbrageous foliage of the wide-spreading trees, and at your feet, the blue grass, the clover and the dog fennel diffusing their fragrance upon the winds of heaven.

While on this subject let me relate what was said by a Virginian—one of the first families—(whose wife and daughters had joined the Methodist Church, against his wishes: and whose plantation was being overrun with weeds,) that “before God, he verily believed that the Methodists and the dog fennel would take the world.” But you Belleville folks have squelched out, with your buildings and your pavements, the fragrant dog fennel, but I am not so well posted as to what you have done with the Methodists. That faith is a pretty hardy plant, and like “cammomile” will bear a good deal of trampling on before it is killed, and will often come up after it seems to be dead. If you Belleville folks want to see Nature, in her primitive simplicity I advise you to go to Alton or Edwardsville. There she has not, (in modern times, at least,) been disfigured by art.

There the motto is, “let well enough alone.” We scorn the assistance of modern civilization. We believe that the office of the harness, is to enable the horse to hold back.

You believe that its virtue is in the collar, to enable the horse to pull. That is the difference between the two schools. The principle is illustrated by the two men who were disputing about the strength of their respective horses. One related what a big load his horse had drawn up a hill. The other said, that was nothing, his horse was so strong that “he has to hold back when he is pulling up hill.” We have the same faith, in the breeching department, as the old woman had who was asked how she felt when the horse was running away.

She said that “she put her trust in God, till the breeching broke, and then she knew there was no power that could save her.”

Illinois, since the advent of James Moore, has grown with inconceivable rapidity. He arrived here when it was a wilderness. Now it contains as many inhabitants as the whole Nation did at the close of the Revolution. It has more than 8,000 miles of railroad. It produces more corn, wheat, beef and pork, and has more square miles of coal under its surface, than any State in the Union. It is geographically the heart of the Nation. Its population represents all

the sections of the country, North and South, East and West, and nearly all the nations under the sun. Owing to the rapidity in the increase of its population, and the intermingling of nationalities—with the exception of the Moores, the Gillhams, the Lemens and Whitesides, the Badgeleys the Ogles, the Scotts, the Stookeys,—we have no distinctive type of what Illinoisans will be. If they foreshadow the future inhabitants of Illinois, our descendants will have reason to claim to be the *keystone* of the *arch* of this mighty Nation. Already we have produced great statesmen. In the persons of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass, we had the acknowledged leaders of the two great political parties. Abraham Lincoln conducted the affairs of this nation with almost superhuman abilities, in one of the most trying periods in the world's history, and crushed out the most stupendous rebellion ever known, while his worthy compeer—Douglass,—(so long as he was spared) aided in the good work, with all his splendid abilities and powerful influence.

If James Moore is permitted to survey the sublunary scenes I have feebly endeavored to depict, his soul must swell with a laudable pride at the prosperity and renown of the land of his selection. I am gratified to witness the growing penchant for these family re-unions. They will correct a defect in the Western American character.

Owing to our migratory habits we feel no hesitation in cutting loose from our family connections, and soon forgetting the ties of relationship, the places of our birth, and the graves of our ancestors. This coming together of kindred, periodically, will cause them to feel nearer to and dearer to each other than they would if they only meet casually.

My friends, I am heartily ashamed of these crude and incoherent remarks. What I have been saying is "neither a song or a sermon." It will be about as satisfactory to you as the advice of the old lady to her neighbor, when she was instructing her how to select indigo. She said: "Take a piece and pulverize it between your thumb-nails and drop it into the water, and if it is good indigo it will sink or swim, and I declare I can't tell which." My friends I have wasted too much of your time. I thank you for this display of your forbearance, and for this opportunity of assembling with you.

MAYOR WEST'S INTRODUCTION OF THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. McCabe Moore, who was selected by the committee to deliver the oration on this occasion, for the reason of the peculiar position he occupies in the family, he being the youngest son of the youngest son of the first American (Enoch Moore,) born in the Illinois country, as well as the youngest great-grand-son of James Moore, the pioneer.

ORATION BY MCCABE MOORE, CARLYLE, ILL.

My Kindred and Fellow-Citizens:—

In all ages, as far back as history carries us, the people of every nation and tribe have celebrated noted events.

And here to-day in the near close of the 19th century, we have assembled to celebrate an event, not only important in the history of Illinois, but especially interesting to the descendants and representatives of James Moore, who selected his new home at the Bellefontaine, where the pure breezes gently sighed through the forest trees that surrounded his dwelling, which stood by the side of the road leading from the ancient French village of Kaskaskia to Cahokia, then the centres of business and population of the country.

The favorable condition in which this State now presents itself is pleasing to all.

A few miles west you stand by the "Father of Waters" flowing so calmly yet irresistably on. Tracing it back to its source you find a mere brook moving along, joined by other streams, fed by the rains and dews of heaven, increasing in volume and force until it attains its present grandeur. So, as we go back one hundred years, Illinois is seen in a comparatively untutored condition, but improving year by year, aided by little streams of immigration, repelling barbarism and nourishing civilization until she reaches at length that dignity of aspect which inspires a feeling of veneration in the beholder.

When the necessity of capturing the British posts in the Northwest occurred to Gen. Clark, and his plans were made, he selected Kaskaskia as the most important stronghold of the enemy. Knowing nothing of its strength or surroundings, he sent James Moore and another man early in the summer of 1777 to reconnoiter the place, upon whose report

the General acted. And early on the morning of the 5th of July, 1778, he surprised and captured the fort, garrison and town without firing a gun. It was a few years later, in the evening of a bright spring day of 1781, when all nature had put on her new robes, the early flowers were opening, the trees were clothed in new leaves, and the sweet scented blooms had filled the air with their fragrance; when the sun line had almost reached the top of the neighboring mountain, the children of old "Aunt Hannah" were playing around the cabin door, which stood back in the yard, and the smoke from the chimney of the great old family log kitchen, as she kindled the fire to prepare supper, rolled up and settled off among the tree-tops along the breaks of the low hills where the little bird in the grove was singing his evening song to his mate as she sat upon her nest; when the sheep-bell was tinkling on the hill-side, the cattle were lowing as they came along home up the valley, and the calves in the lot were bleating for their mothers; when the chickens were climbing up to roost and the geese were clattering over some petty quarrel, and when the ducks, just from the pool, were waddling along the trail one behind the other to a dry warm spot to roost, nearer home, that James Moore, at the close of a conference with his young wife as they sat upon the porch, decided to move towards the sunset where the rivers were broader and grander—to those plains whose verdure the foot of white man had never pressed, where their herds could be watched as they ranged through the valleys, during winter as well as in the summer.

To that happy little home, standing by the brook in that old mountain glen, they would say "good-bye," leave all sad memories behind and go to the "land of prairies" where the elk and the buffalo roam at will and freedom floats on every breeze, to a land where States with their millions, would gather around them, there to build themselves a home near some cold, clear fountain in the wilds of Illinois.

So he, with the little party of emigrants, some from Maryland, others from Virginia, consisting of the following persons: Shadrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Larken Rutherford, James Garrison, with their families, and with his own little family, crossed the Alleghanies to the present site of Wheeling, West Virginia, where they secured keel-boats, descended the Ohio, on whose banks from that city to the mouth, there

was not a habitation save the wigwam of the wild warrior, for it was in the midst of a bloody Indian war.

The beautiful scenes and valleys of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky were all left behind, for they were on their way to the Illinois country which they had seen only a few years before, there to form the little colony around which millions should congregate. From the mouth of the Ohio, they stemmed the Mississippi to Kaskaskia, where they spent the winter. In the following spring they selected their respective locations, to rear their families and to pass the evening of their days, then leave to a posterity their names to be honored and cherished for centuries to come. Says the historian: "It is extraordinary that this small party of emigrants could have escaped all the dangers of the Revolution and Indian hostilities and reach their destination in safety. It would seem that Providence was fostering this infant settlement in Illinois."

James Moore, the leader of this little party was born in Virginia in 1750. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and near the close of the war for the independence of the colonies, in 1782, he made his home at the Bellefontaine, half a mile south of Waterloo.

His was the first farm opened by an American in the Illinois country, and is the only one of the old homesteads that has been retained in the family of any of the first settlers to the present time. It is older than our government, for peace was not declared until 1783. Here, a thousand miles away from the home of his childhood, with nothing to protect him but his brave heart, strong arm, faithful dog, and his old flint-lock rifle, which he carried during the war, he made his home.

To care for and protect, he had with him his wife and three small children. John, William and James B. February 17th, 1783, was born to him another son whom he called Enoch—the first American born within the limits of Illinois. His next child was Mary and then John Milton. During the latter years of his life, he was engaged with a Mr. Cerre in selling goods and trading with the Indians. Mr. Cerre had at this time a trading post at St. Louis, then only a small French village, under the control of Spain, but which has grown within the last half century to be one of the leading cities on the American continent. He had another trading post at Kaskaskia, and together they had one at

the French Licks, on the site where Nashville, Tennessee, now stands. To this last place James Moore had been but a short time before his death, which occurred at the Bellefontaine in 1788. Before me to-day are children of all of his children. Here are some of the children of John, of whom five are living, some of Gen. James B., of whom five are living; some of Enoch, of whom seven are living, and of Mary, who married Col. David Robison, four are living, and two of those present. Of the large family of Milton, who was the youngest, there is but one left, J. Milton, jr., who is here to-day.

William died away from home while attending school. John, the oldest, died in 1832, James B. in 1840, Mary Robinson in 1842, John Milton in 1844 and Enoch in 1848. Enoch and Milton were surveyors, and completed many large contracts of sectionizing in Illinois.

Until 1816 the Surveyor General's office for the Northwest was located at Chillicothe, Ohio, where they were compelled to go on horseback to receive their money, in silver, which they carried in saddle-bags through a country inhabited by hostile Indians and highwaymen, for there were no banks then in the west; nor were there any express companies or railroads on the American continent; and the wheels of a steamboat had never disturbed the waters of the Mississippi. Nor were there any stage coaches—not one in the State. The last government survey of sectionizing in Illinois was done in 1840 along the northern line of the State, in Jo Davis and Stephenson counties, by Enoch, when he had with him two of his sons—the oldest and the youngest—who are here to-day.

In 1818 Enoch was a member of the convention that framed the first Constitution of Illinois, under which it was admitted into the Union. He afterwards served as a State legislator and then filled county offices for some twenty years. Gen. James B. was one of the three Presidential electors for Illinois in 1820, and was a State Senator from 1836 to 1840. He and Enoch were also commissioned officers of the war of 1812-1815 "Ills. Rangers." The company was officered as follows: Captain, James B. Moore; 1st Lieut., Enoch Moore, and 2d Lieut., Stephen Rector. Before me to-day is one of John Moore's sons, who served in the Black Hawk war when quite young, in Captain Adam W. Snyder's

company. Some four of you were in the Mexican war. Three of you were in the hard and well-fought battle of Buena Vista, where Illinois' gallant, gifted Harden fell.

Still more of you are now present who took part in the war of the late Rebellion—all of whom were commissioned officers and held honored positions.

Quite a number of you were lying along the lines while listening to the booming of the cannon and the howling of the shells, amidst the roaring elements, drenched, chilled, benumbed, without blankets and without fire, on those dark, tempestuous nights, on the rugged, snow-clad hills of Donaldson. How well you remember the long, loud shout that rung out over the hills on that memorable Sunday morning, at the sight of the flag of your fathers, its bright stars floating above the fort! That shout, as it rolled onward and westward, was caught up in Illinois, for she was proud of her sons who were there. And she sent it onward over hill and dale, over river, wood and plain, over mountain and valley, and across the Sierras, and still onward until it echoed back from the far off shore of the Pacific. Before me are some of you who fought in the two days battle on the bloody field of Shiloh, at Vicksburg, Stone River, at Pleasant Hill, and then marched with Sherman to the sea.

The blood of some of the members of the family mingled with that of others on the Southern battle-fields. Some of you have sons who have fought their last battle and are sleeping their last sleep on the field in soldiers' graves. Some of the grand-children, now present, were born in the very early part of this century, at the Bellefontaine, and have witnessed scenes that have passed for more than three-quarters of a century. How swiftly to you the years have passed!

How short the time appears! But how long to some of us when we look back over the map of this century. It is an age crowned beyond all others with grand events—an age fuller, richer, and more varied than was ever seen before. The first and grandest of all events that has occurred since James Moore planted the first American colony in Illinois, and erected his log cabin at the old Bellefontaine, was the birth of the American Republic—an event which lifted the veil from the eyes of all the civilized nations of the earth—an event too grand, too sublime for words to portray.

But taking time to mention only a few, let us notice the most striking events that have occurred since that time.

You have lived to see the first Napoleon conquer all Europe, and then all Europe arraigned against him. You have seen his great army of half a million in Russia fade away. You have seen his fate at Waterloo, his magic power broken, and himself fade away, in his little island home far out on the tropic sea. Then for 30 years, comparative peace reigned over all Europe. The character of the issues that have occurred in the 19th century are peculiar, when compared with those of former times, when the struggles were of kings with kings. In this the struggles have been between the kings and the people. Hence the change in all Europe and the spread of knowledge everywhere. The changes are in favor of the people instead of the kings.

They are not confined to Europe, but embrace the whole world. The genius of free government is everywhere making its way, and finds able advocates in all parts of Europe.

In all of the monarchial countries the spirit of unrest is abroad.

New nations have arisen in distant regions. The old and abandoned lands of Africa and Asia that have slept for ages are moving along again in the world's history. You have seen the shackles stricken from 14,000,000 serfs in Russia, and among us, by the proclamation of our own Lincoln, 4,000,000 bondsmen set free. All this and more, my kindred. You have seen your own country, the pride of humanity, grow from a population of 5,000,000 to 50,000,000, the Northwestern Territory organized into territories and states, and this country extend from the western bank of the Mississippi, then called "New Spain," to the Pacific ocean. You have seen the mode of transportation changed from the "dug out" or canoe, the keel boat and the flat boat, to the mammoth steamer, carrying its thousands of tons, and the old French cart and pony replaced by the railroad, with its palace cars which carry us along at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

You have lived to see the telegraph wire extend from the glaciers in the extreme North to the tropic seas, and weave its web around the world. From a little nine mile road you have seen this country converted into a checker-board of railroads, with two extending across the continent from sea to sea, and two more stretching far out toward the

Pacific, one in the far North and the other in the extreme South, over the tombs of the long sleeping Montezumas. And not only has it extended its lines throughout this country, Europe and the civilized world, but the locomotive to-day with its long train goes howling through the jungles of Africa and across the desert plains of Asia, along the routes where the caravans of camels had traveled for uncounted centuries. But to return to our own State. Those who would understand the sources of American wealth and the sources of American politics must look to Illinois, for the departed sceptre of the older States has a resurrection here, and their sons and daughters have come to a new glory in these prairies of ours.

The first railroad in the Mississippi valley was built in Illinois. We have more miles of railroad and telegraph than any other State in the Union, and a city on the lakes, taking into consideration its age, whose like the world has never seen.

We have more coal than any other State, and grain enough to feed our millions, besides millions of our neighbors.

Illinois furnished a general who has had no equal in his own time.

Among our many statesmen and great minds she has furnished two—Lincoln and Douglas, who, in 1858, discussed in the ablest manner the greatest question of the century. It was a question which reason could not settle in the minds of the American people, but which was settled by the sword on the battle field. War does the plowing and breaking up. Reason harrows, rolls and cultivates after.

When that great mind of Douglas had almost exhausted itself in striving to avert the clash of arms, and he then saw that war was inevitable, you have not forgotten that there flashed over the wires from Illinois on lightning wings, to his friends and followers, and to the whole nation, that historical message—"Stand by the government."

'Twas his last, then he passed from among you and the State still honors and cherishes his name. Now on the shore he rests where the cool winds off the blue waves of Lake Michigan float over his grave. And the martyred Lincoln who was upon this question, called by the people to administer the government when the hearts of the brave had sunk within them was in some respects peculiarly fitted for his task.

He was of the Northwest, and one of the people—a man who spoke with ease and clearness, wrote concisely and to the point.

With a soft and yielding temper, he was reluctant to refuse anything which presented itself to him as an act of kindness.

Yet this man was summoned to stand up against a power with which Clay had never allowed himself to come in *direct* conflict; before which Webster, with all of his greatness and power had *finally* quailed; to which each political party made concessions and which all compromises had failed to adjust, but with which he must now venture a struggle for the life or death of the nation. You all know how well he acted his part and that he now lies entombed at the capitol of our State, honored by all the nations of the earth.

Virginia had her Washington as a commander, a Jefferson and a Patrick Henry among her statesmen and patriots, and a Marshall as a jurist. Illinois has a Grant as a commander, had a Lincoln and a Douglas among her statesmen and patriots, and a Breese, a genius in the law, as a jurist—all of them the production of older States, but transplanted in their youth into the virgin soil of Illinois where they were nourished and matured and can justly be numbered among the great of the 19th century. And of the pioneer woman what shall be said? Do they deserve the same praise as the brawny men, who, as it were, carried their rifles in one hand and lives in the other? Yes, and more.

Young as all of the first ones were, they left their mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, as well as civilization and went to a far off country to dwell and call it home in a log cabin surrounded by the unfriendly Indians and to witness the scenes of war, bloodshed and massacre and all the horrors of a life among savages. But like the true women that they were, to follow the fortunes of their husbands in whom their affections dwelt, they adhered to the promise at the altar, which was for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, even unto death. The moral and early religious influences thrown around the families of the pioneers, were due to the sainted pioneer mothers, who taught the children to pray, who moulded and controlled society. 'Tis the mother who binds the different members of the family together. Take away that influence

and how rapidly would society relapse into the violence and chaos of the earliest barbarism.

It was the pioneer mother who carded the wool, spun the yarn, worked the loom, wove the cloth, clothed the father, children and herself. From her teachings and influences, the sons and daughters of the first families of Illinois became religious and formed themselves into societies, while many of the sons became preachers, and the daughters, praying mothers. To the teaching of the mother can be attributed, in a great measure, the cause of the long, happy lives of many descendants of the pioneer families here to-day, and you have just reason to look back, with pride and veneration, upon your ancestors, James and Catharine Biggs Moore. Their old homestead was not then as it is now—destitute of all its natural beauty, its forest trees, pleasant groves, long avenues, and all the comforts which cheer the heart and give joy to the life of a farmer. But neither was Illinois then as it now is, entirely free from the barbarian's clutches, and washed by the broad waves of civilization. Thus throughout the whole realm of nature, "life cradles within life," after darkness and desolation there comes renewed light and another creation; from death there is life, and from life there comes death.

In the family cemetery he was buried in 1788, and the spot where he reposes is holy ground, for beside him lies the widowed mother with four worthy sons and her only daughter. How sweet to sleep surrounded by the grave of a homestead!

Though a century has almost gone since he passed away, his name is still honored among us.

May his memory be cherished and the influence of his life be felt through distant years to come, and may his posterity assemble an hundred years hence in honor of the founder of the first American colony in Illinois, who settled at the Bellefontaine in 1782.

POEM.

Written for the Centennial Reunion of the Moore family,
held at Belleville, Ill., May 31st and June 1st, 1882, by Mrs.
Mary C. Eberman Clark, Latham, Logan Co., Ill. Read
June 1st.

We will honor the dear ones, of the past generation,
Who've been sleeping, long years, in their moss-covered graves;
Homage we bring, with our heart's consecration
While cherishing fondly the deeds of the brave.

The beautiful West, with her treasures past numbering,
Invited our parents to seek here a home;
In the depths of the woodland, Belle Fontaine was slumbering,
They drank her cool waters, no farther to roam.

Ten decades have passed, still the crystal health giver,
With all her rich-blessings in beauty flows on;
Our fathers and mothers have passed o'er the river,
They drink from the fountain which comes from the throne.

On this glad festal day their descendants now meet,—
Many heads frosted o'er by the winters of time;
From far distant lands, from California we greet
The ones who have come here to bow at this shrine.

Together we'll talk of the long, long ago.
When perils and hardships and wars dread alarms
Were encountered, wild beasts and savage Indians laid low,
Tall forests subdued by the strong steady arms.

They came from the land of our loved Washington.
Like him, highly cultured, well read and refined;
Their virtues scarce 'counted from sun unto sun,
Their vices, if any, we fail now to find.

The inheritance left us, we prize as a treasure,
More precious than diamonds, more lasting than gold;
'Tis an *untarnished name*, we repeat it with pleasure.
May "Moore" be our songs when our children are old.

While bringing our tributes of honor and love,
We'll remember those dear ones who in life's rosy forenoon
Have been called from their labors to mansions above;
Young men learned and comely, young women in their bloom.

We will wreath with our garlands of fairest spring flowers,
Bright hopes for the future, sweet thoughts of the past;
And in the reunion, 'neath heaven's blest bowers,
May each find a welcome when earth life is past.

THE PRESS,

 BY S. P. MOORE OF THE GLOBE-NEWS, CHERRYVALE, KANSAS,

Many volumes have been written on printing, and yet it is very remarkable that the "art preservative of all arts" has not with certainty been preserved as to its discovery by any one person. Metz and Strasburg, in Germany and Haerlem in Holland, have the honor by common consent, of being the birth-place of printing. John Geinsfleisch commenced printing in Metz about A. D. 1440. In its simplest form, the art was practiced upon bricks and coins thousands of years before Faust and Guttenberg were born.

The rudimental discovery, however, of the art as we have it now is by the books credited to Laurenz John Koster, of Haerlem. The invention and improvement of metal cut-faced types belongs to Geinsfleisch and Guttenberg; the completion of the art, by the invention of metal types cast with faces, is due to Peter Schoeffer, of Metz.

A press was established in Paris in 1464, and one in Rome in 1466. William Caxton printed a book in England in 1471. In 1481 female compositors were employed in Italy.

The origin of the word "newspaper" is not, as may be supposed, from the fact of its containing new things, but in a former time, (1705 to 1830) it was customary to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the points of the compass, N. E. W. S., to show that the journal had information from all quarters of the globe, North, East, West and South. Hence the use of the word "news" before all papers of general information.

The first daily paper printed in the world was in Germany in 1615, called *Die Frankfurter Oberpostamts Zeitung*. It is still published. The first daily printed in England was the *Daily Courant*, in London, March, 1702, by Elizabeth Mallett. The *Boston News Letter*, issued by John Campbell April 24, 1704, was the first newspaper in America. The first daily published in the United States was the *American Daily Advertiser*, issued in Philadelphia in 1784, by Benjamin Franklin Bache. The first published west of the Alleghany Mountains was the *Pittsburg Gazette*, July 29, 1786, and the first published west of the Mississippi river was the *Missouri Gazette*, in 1808 (of which the *Missouri Republican* of to-day is the outgrowth). Mrs. Joseph J.

Hall published the first magazine for women, in Boston, in 1827. The first printing press was brought to Kaskaskia, Illinois Territory, in 1809 by Matthew Duncan. The first newspaper in Illinois was published at Kaskaskia in 1814 by Matthew Duncan, called the *Herald*—afterwards changed to the Illinois *Intelligencer*, and was removed to Vandalia. The second one was the Illinois *Immigrant*, published at Shawneetown in 1818, by Eddy and Kimmel. Hooper and Warren established a paper at Edwardsville, in 1819, named the *Spectator*. In the year 1822 or 1823 David Blackwell established a paper at Vandalia. Kane and Reynolds published one at Kaskaskia, and Judge Smith established one at Edwardsville. Hooper and Warren established and published the Sangamond *Spectator* at Springfield, in the winter of 1826-7. In 1831 Dr. Philleo edited the *Galenaian*, published at Galena, Ill., the only one published north of Springfield, either in Illinois or Wisconsin, at that time. In November, 1833, John Wentworth established the first newspaper in Chicago. But we cannot, for want of time and space, particularize further.

It is absolutely wonderful to contemplate the unprecedented growth of the newspaper enterprise in Illinois in the space of less than half a century. In 1833 there were only nine or ten newspapers published in the whole State; now there are three hundred or more publications in Chicago alone—over two hundred per cent. more than are published in St. Louis or Cincinnati and surpassed only by New York and Philadelphia in numbers; equalled by no other city in this Union, and in the State at this time there are in round numbers about nine hundred newspapers established and being published.

Another most remarkable feature in the newspapers of to-day, and those of the East particularly, is their size and the matter contained. Then a newspaper in the largest cities, (metropolitan) in size averaged about 10x16 inches, some of them two pages, the largest four pages, and containing about as much reading matter as one or two columns of our common county papers published in every county in Illinois now.

The newspaper of to-day bears little or no resemblance to the personal organ of olden times. Telegraphy, fast mails, the march of education and thirst for knowledge have built up the press, a modern institution, profession and craft in

one, which overshadows the small strifes of place-hunters, and is the superior, not the servant, of the politicians, because it typifies the people. The journalism of to-day offers within its own limits all possible opportunities for advancement, all proper incentives to ambition, all worthy rewards to those who deserve them. It embraces in its ranks—thanks, perhaps, to the absence of protection for other forms of American literary industry—the best heads, the clearest minds and the most facile pens in the land. As an instructor and mentor it has dwarfed the school room and rostrum. As an interpreter and guide of public opinion it has a power which no tribune like Cicero, nor premier like Pitt, ever swayed in the anti-journal days. Its service is one upon which young men of brain and industry can enter with a devotion to their taste, a commanding sense of its dignity and responsibility, and a certainty of appreciation for good work which belongs to no other profession.

ILLINOIS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND NOW.

HER POSSIBILITIES, AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL.

BY DR. E. W. MOORE, DECATUR.

One hundred years ago Illinois, embracing all that region of country stretching from the British possessions on the north, to the Ohio river on the south, and from the Wabash on the east, to the Mississippi on the west, was one vast wilderness. This magnificent country, the grandest in the world, large enough for an empire, and fertile as the valley of the Nile, was for the most part inhabited by the wolf, the bear, the deer, the elk, the buffalo, and tribes of savage wild men. These broad prairies unequalled in depth and richness of soil, had scarcely heard the sound of the woodsman's ax, the whistle of the merry plow boy, or the song of the reapers. But all over this broad region of country, day and night was made hideous by the scream of the owl, the howl of the wolf and the shrill war whoop of the savages. But the rush of a century of years rolling along the track of time, has swept the former things away, and lo! a change marvelous and overwhelming greets our eyes to-day. We look for the deer, elk and buffalo, that in vast herds roamed over these extensive plains, cropping the luxuriant wild grass, and they are

gone. We look for the numerous Indian tribes, who a hundred years ago had lodges on the banks of all our lakes and rivers, they too are gone, and even the deeply worn paths made by their sturdy little ponies, have been defaced by the plowshare of civilization, and not a vestige of them remain.

More astonishing still, the prairies themselves with their tall tangled wild grass, their wild roses and tiger lillies, are no more. Former things have passed away and behold all things have become new. Standing now at this end of the receding century, and looking over this fair land, we behold where the prairies were, green meadows and rich pastures of blue grass, timothy and clover, upon which great herds of cattle luxuriate and grow fat for our own and the markets of the world.

By the side of these meadows and all round them are the largest and most luxuriant corn-fields in the world, as also the greatest fields of wheat, rye and oats of all the States and Territories of this vast Union. We do not hesitate to say that there are within the present limits of the State of Illinois 35,452,400 acres of richer and more productive land than exist in any equal area of any of the States and Territories of North America, or, indeed, any other part of the globe. This is not idle boasting; let us refer to facts and figures. The average annual product in dollars of the principal farm crops of Illinois, from 1872 to 1879 inclusive, reaches the enormous sum of \$145,267,417; this is \$13,000,000 more than the great State of New York: \$24,000,000 more than the State of Pennsylvania; \$37,000,000 more than the State of Ohio; and these four States rank all the others and each other, in the following order: Ohio, 4th; Pennsylvania, 3d; New York, 2d; Illinois, 1st.

But we have grander results still in 1879. The value of our corn, wheat and oats crop, as reported by the United States Agricultural Department, was \$157,699,116; to this add the average annual value of all other crops for six preceding years, and we have for the products of this year alone, \$184,871,849.

We have now, according to the report of the same department for 1881, 13,741,500 acres in cultivation, which is less than one-half the acreage of the State by about three and one-half millions, and not one acre of this is brought up to its capacity of yield in any of the cereals; especially

is this true of Indian corn. It is believed by practical farmers that from fifty to seventy-five bushels per acre can be produced (of a good season) in all that portion of the State north of a line parallel with the Alton & Terre Haute railroad, including also the great American bottom, most of which lies south of this line. This region is emphatically the land of corn, as all below this is the region of wheat. We have now in round numbers, 9,000,000 acres in corn, leaving at least 7,000,000 of fine corn land just awaiting the touch of the plow and cultivation to yield an abundant harvest. Suppose, now, we add the seven to nine millions of corn land already in cultivation, and we have 16,000,000 acres. This, at 35 bushels per acre (the average for 1879), would yield us 560,000,000 bushels. Let us now bring all this land up to its utmost capacity, under the best possible culture, (which we have already stated, would be 50 bushels per acre, and under the most favorable circumstances, 75) and we have, at 50 bushels per acre, 800,000,000 bushels, and at 75, 1,200,000,000, which is almost equal to the entire corn crop of the United States and Territories in 1877 and 1878.

Persons living outside this State and not at all familiar with the wonderful fertility of the soil, may think these figures fabulous, and for their benefit, I will state it as a fact known to persons present here to-day, that a farmer in the American bottom, with whom we were personally acquainted years ago, Mr. Levasse, gathered from his field of fifteen acres, 1,725 bushels of corn, paid his rent and had remaining as the result of one season's toil, in a single field, 1,500 bushels. And there are large, very large districts of country in central Illinois and other portions of the State, that have a capacity equal to or even greater than the American bottom.

The average annual home value of our wheat crop from 1872 to 1879 inclusive, was \$30,000,000, and for the year 1879 alone over \$48,000,000. We now have only a little over 3,000,000 acres cultivated in wheat, while there are in the State 8,000,000 acres of good wheat land, leaving 5,000,000 yet to be cultivated in this cereal, and at 18 bushels per acre, (the average for 1879,) would yield us 144,000,000 bushels. Now we have left 5,000,000 acres for all other products, which in accordance with the statistics of the last ten years, will give us an annual average of

80,000,000 dollars. But you will observe that six and a quarter million acres of the State are still unappropriated, being left for towns, cities, lakes and rivers.

Let us now look again from this end of the receding century, and what do we see? What are those dark lines threading the State in every direction from side to side and end to end? Are these little paths made by savage chiefs, followed by their braves? No, no! they are not paths at all but broad roads macadamized with steel, and the trains we now see upon them, moving with incredible speed like meteors along the sky, are cars linked to steeds of iron, with lungs of fire and breath of steam, bearing the commerce of Illinois to our own and the great markets of the world. Illinois at this hour has more than 10,000 miles of railways in operation and increasing in length every day. This is more than half the railroad length of the entire German empire, nearly two-thirds that of Great Britain and Ireland, more than two-thirds that of the republic of France, and double that of the kingdom of Italy with imperial Rome standing at her head. This we say, not to depreciate other countries, but to show that Illinois, as a State (yet young in years), has outstripped all her sister States in this country, and is making rapid strides to lead the mightier kingdoms and empires of the world. Every day and night the steam engines, like a thing of life, walks four times over our 10,000 miles of railroad, aggregating 40,000 miles a day.

There is not a State or great city of our country that is not to some extent supplied with the products of Illinois. The grain growing regions of this country, and to some extent of foreign lands, are supplied with reapers and mowers, corn planters and check rowers, cultivators and corn shellers, invented by the brain and manufactured by the muscle of citizens of Illinois. While we cherish a just pride in the development and growth of our sister States and for all their great cities, especially are we proud of that great, wealthy and growing city, just a few miles from where we now stand, partly within and partly without our own borders, united to us by a bridge spanning the Mississippi, with one exception the largest and grandest river of the world. I mean the city of St. Louis. We love it because it is partly our own; we have contributed to its wonderful development and prosperity perhaps more than any other State, except Missouri, if indeed

we can except that State. But the most marvelous city, of its age, in the world is "all our own." Chicago—an infant yet in years, but a giant in growth and power. In 1840 she had in round numbers only 4,800 inhabitants. Of no importance as a city at home, scarcely heard of abroad, had few vessels on the lakes and no railroads on the land. Ten years later she had a population of nearly 30,000, since when the enterprise, development and growth has surpassed the wildest conjecture of her most sanguine friends. The people, the business men, the speculators, have all looked on with amazement at her unprecedented growth in all the elements of wealth and greatness, and said such prosperity cannot continue. Nevertheless, Chicago, since 1870, has more than doubled her population, having now 575,000, and judging from her past, we may confidently predict that when the sun rises January 1st, 1890, it will look down upon Chicago with her 1,000,000 souls.

A somewhat careful estimate of the value of farm products shipped from Chicago the past year, aggregated \$340,600,000; while the entire commercial transactions of the city, as indicated by the clearings of the associated banks, aggregated \$2,249,000,000, much more than doubling in the last five years. So we see the commercial transactions more than keep abreast of the population. Ten years ago, when much of the best and most beautiful part of the city was left a molten mass in the streets, and men, strong men, with tears in their eyes, were ready to predict the impossibility of her speedy recovery, from the shock of fire, but like a Phoenix from ashes, she arose higher and grander than ever before. What the future of Chicago is, can hardly be conjectured; it can be seen only by the prophetic eye, but it must be the city of this country, if not of the world. Why is this? Let us look at it its geographical position and see. Here is a map of the United States, and here you see the great valley of the Mississippi, sweeping from the ice fields of the North to the Rio Grande and Gulf of Mexico in the South, and from the Alleghanies of the East to the Rocky Mountains of the West; and here, nearly in the centre of this great valley—midway between the frozen zone and the tropics, midway between this eastern and western range of mountains—lies embosomed the State of Illinois; and I was just going to

say, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Illinois. Along her eastern border stretches the Wabash nearly her entire length; her feet are washed by the beautiful Ohio; her head is bathed in the clear and sparkling waters of the Lake Michigan; while her western side is swept by the "Father of Waters" from end to end, a distance of 500 miles and more. The Queen of States to-day is Illinois, and Chicago is the brightest gem in her jeweled crown. I believe I but echo the voice of our people at large, when I say that everybody is astonished at the wonderful push, thrift, energy, prosperity and growth of Chicago. Especially is this true in her commercial successes. These do not find a solution wholly in the number of her shrewd and far-sighted merchants and business men, nor in their wonderful energy, but in absolute necessity—the result of her geographical position.

Let us take another look at the map. You see here at the foot of Lake Michigan is Chicago, at the head of this State. Now look from this point down the entire length of the State, and thence eastward to the Atlantic seaboard, and you see at once how small the older and more densely populated States are in comparison with the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, constituting at least two-thirds of the territory of the United States, most of which seek Chicago as the nearest outlet by water eastward to the markets of the British Isles and continental Europe.

Now let us start here from New Mexico, Texas and the Indian Territory, along our great railroad line, seeking for their varied products the nearest outlet to the eastern markets by water. What great commercial point do we first reach? Not New York, but Chicago. The result you see is the same. If we start from California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri and Illinois, the nearest point you reach is not New York, but Chicago. If we start from southern Oregon, through Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa, the first we reach is Chicago, and not New York. So you see from this map that most of the Southwest, and all the West and Northwest reach Chicago by shorter lines than any other great commercial port. The commerce of this State through Chicago floats under the white sails upon every great sea and ocean, supplying more bread to the famishing in Ireland, Asiatic Turkey, India and China than

any other State in this country. Illinois, from her warm and generous bosom, is constantly increasing in her gifts to man's great physical needs, and can of all other States sustain the largest and densest population. The State which ranks all others in the lumber traffic, in meat-packing, in agricultural implements, in farm products, corn, wheat, oats, rye, and miles of railway, is Illinois. Tell me not that heaven spreads out her stars or lights up her skies over a better or lovelier land. If we could form a pyramid of all the States of the Union, piling them upon each other according to their rank in the products of the soil, and their capacity to sustain and elevate human existence, the first to kiss the rising sun as he comes wheeling up from the mists of the Atlantic, crowned with the Aurora of the morning, would be Illinois.

California has her Yosemite, with her beautiful cascades and towering rocks, her big trees of fabulous age and size, lifting their heads a little nearer the sky than any other trees. Oregon can boast of her lofty mountains, old Shasta and Hood, both hoary with age, their heads crowned with virgin snow, grand in their outlines, magnificent in their proportion, they stand to-day as they have stood in the past, monuments of the ravages of time. But none have fields quite so broad and harvests so glorious as Illinois. Italy may boast of brighter and perhaps bluer skies, but we yield the palm to no land or clime in our autumnal sunsets. Stand where we will in this prairie State of ours in the evening of a beautiful Indian summer day, and look westward at the clouds thinly scattered on the horizon, soft and mellow as clouds can be, their edges tinged with silver and gold and crimson, we see just between their parted edges and behind them, the sun like a great globe of light, so mellow, so subdued and soft, the eye is not pained as it looks at it, gradually drawing in the curtains around his couch, when all at once he bids us a pleasant good-night. Then throws back a kiss with auroral splendors spreading along the rosy sky, and gently fade away, when all is stillly night. I turn away from the most beautiful of all scenes to me, more in love with nature and more with nature's God.

I believe I but echo the voice of our family when I say we are proud of our native State, the State most dear to us all, we are united to it by hallowed memories; here nearly

all of us were born ; from her bosom we have been nourished and brought up ; here our fathers and mothers lived, here they died, and here are their graves. For myself, I feel at least to some extent, like adopting the language of Ruth to Naomi, "entreat me not to leave thee, nor to forsake thee." Where our fathers and mothers lived, I will live ; the songs they sang, I will sing, the God they worshiped, will I adore, where they died, I will die, and there will I be buried.

PIONEER PHYSICIANS OF ILLINOIS.

DR. O. T. MOORE, SMITHTON, ILLINOIS.

The time allotted me by the committee was fifteen minutes, so I will be compelled to speak briefly of the pioneer physicians of Illinois, and will mention but few who arrived after 1818, when this grand State left its territorial condition and was assigned its place in the Union, with its star among the brightest of our flag with its "broad stripes and bright stars." Although the Illinois country had been in the possession of the French, and the villages of Kaskaskia and Cahokia inhabited by them since 1686, we have no account of any resident physician until 1797, which was sixteen years after the arrival of the first American emigrants. We learn from "Reynold's Life and Times," from which we quote largely, that in the year 1797 there was an epidemic in the New Design settlement, which carried off nearly, if not quite, one-half of its inhabitants, that a Dr. Wallace attended them, and that a Dr. Lyle practiced in Cahokia about the same time. The next year, 1798, Dr. George Fischer, who had served as a surgeon in the army, settled in Kaskaskia and not only practiced his profession, but filled many important offices such as sheriff of his county, legislator, as well as some federal offices. He was a man of good attainments, and a well educated physician and surgeon. Reynold says, "the first medicine I ever took was from this physician in the year 1801." "In East Tennessee, where we previously resided, we knew not much about sickness or medicine. Dr. Fischer gave me a dose of tartar emetic for my father in 1800, and on my way home I thought the doctor had omitted to put the medicine in the paper as I could not feel it. I

opened the paper, and saw a small amount of white powder in it. I thought that extremely small quantity could not answer the purpose, but I was soon convinced to the contrary on seeing my father sick under its operation. At that time it was the uniform and universal practice to give, the patient of the billious disease, first a vomit of tartar emetic, next day calomel and jalapa, and the third day the Peruvian bark—improved some nowadays; we give it all in one day. “This course generally cured common cases of the billious disease.”

In 1803, Dr. Tuttle came to Kaskaskia as surgeon with the troops, and practiced a long time in the country. He was eminent as a surgeon, and the first surgical operation we have any record of was performed by him upon Sam Shook, in 1805, on Turkey Hill, cutting a hazel out of his foot.

Dr. Caldwell came to Illinois in the year 1802 and practiced for many years near Prairie du Rocher; he was a successful practitioner and pursued his profession and died many years after near the same place. Dr. James Rose, although there is a diversity of opinion as to when he came, some say in 1803 and Reynolds says in 1805, yet he is still remembered by a large number of the old settlers now living. “He came from Kentucky and remained during his life; he was a very successful physician, eminent, loved for all his humane feelings, bold and fearless.”

“Dr. Wm. M. Reynolds from Kentucky located in Kaskaskia in the year 1809, and became a conspicuous and eminent member of his profession. He was a man of a high order of talent, and an accomplished scholar—the Hercules of his profession.”

“Dr. Wm. G. Goforth located in Illinois in the year 1815 and practiced his profession during his lifetime in Belleville. He was of an exceedingly eccentric character, and at times very intemperate.” Some of the old settlers tell a story about “old Pills,” for that was what he called himself, which runs thus: A man was found on the public square half frozen, full of tanglefoot whiskey and stiff, he was carried into the court house, laid by the fire-place and the doctor sent for. He came, and after examination, made the following diagnosis: “Gentlemen, that man is suffering from alcoholic imbibation, if you will procure a little refrigerating

liquor and pour it on the exterior portion of his caput, it will produce a vivifying change of venue."

Dr. Chips practiced in Pope county about this time. Dr. Landworthy located at Alton in early times. Dr. Tiffen located in Illinois in 1815 and attained a very conspicuous position in his profession. He always enjoyed a remarkably large practice and was an excellent physician. Some difference of opinion exists as to who was the first physician in Belleville; however Dr. Ester seems to have been the first that located here.

He was a man who possessed ability, and was brave and true, and enjoyed a lucrative practice. He was appointed Captain of the Regulators in the year 1815.

In the years 1816 and 1817 Doctors Todd and Bowers located in Edwardsville, and were both very eminent and distinguished physicians. Dr. Todd possessed the advantages of a finished classic education, and had studied his profession in Philadelphia with much honor and character to himself.

These advantages, added to a strong mind, made him a distinguished practitioner. Dr. Caldwell Carns came from Ireland in 1816 and practiced for many years. Some of his family are still living. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1818, and from Monroe county. Dr. Green came to Belleville in 1820. He was a man inclined to be eccentric in his ways, and had a very extensive practice. He always went horseback, nor would he allow his horse to go out of a walk, and when he came to a bridge he would invariably stop his horse, dismount and lead him across the bridge. So one day Dick Chancellor had occasion to make a trip to the country, and borrowed old "Rosin Andy" to make the trip. Dick got along very well till he came to a bridge, when old "Rosin Andy" stopped. Well, Dick not understanding what it meant, naturally got mad, got a hickory and pounded old "Rosin Andy" until he got him across. After he succeeded, he turned and whipped old Rosin back and forth across that bridge, as fast as he could run, four or five times; so after that when old Rosin would come to a bridge he would never stop, but run across. Dick returned the horse that evening, but said nothing to the doctor. The next day the doctor had an occasion to use old Rosin, and got along as well as usual till he came to a

bridge, when the doctor wanted to stop and dismount. Old Rosin thinking it another hickory, flew across at break-neck speed. The doctor could not understand it, and never found it out for many months after.

In those days it was the invariable rule for physicians to bleed in every case, and in the winter pleurisy was very prevalent. The doctor being quite busy, and not able to reach all of his patients in one day, and Gov. Kinney having a great many slaves at that time, pleurisy commenced among them. The doctor was sent for, and came. The first thing he did was to bleed. Being so busy, he told Col Thomas that if any more took sick not to send for him in the night but to bleed them himself. He showed the Colonel where to insert the lance. "But," says the Colonel, "how much blood shall I take from them?" "Oh," replied the doctor, "bleed until he falls over; then you have enough."

Dr. James Nowlin practiced about 1820. He belonged to the Whiteside family, was not an educated physician, but was a man of excellent practical sense, and was a good nurse. Dr. Thomas James settled in Monroe county in 1820, and practiced about twenty years.

Dr. Bracket was well-known and is still remembered by many of the old settlers. He practiced at Cahokia about 1820. In a private letter from George O. Tiffany, of Los Angeles, Cal., I learn that about this time Dr. Betts came to and practiced in Kaskaskia. He was a physician and also a surgeon of high standing in his profession. Dr. Thomas Stanton was born of Scotch parentage in _____ county, Ireland, in 1797, and came to the State of Ohio in 1818, when he took a medical course in college, and then came to Lebanon, Ill., in 1824, where he formed a partnership with Dr. Hypes. In 1826 he was married to Miss Katie Moore, daughter of John Moore, then practiced his profession near Waterloo from 1827 to 1829, when he moved to Alton. He served as a surgeon in the Whiteside Division during the Black Hawk war; then returned to Alton, where he had a lucrative practice for many years, and died in 1868.

Many of the pioneer physicians had collegiate educations, were men of decided talent, and in their profession compared favorably with those of the older inhabited parts of this country. 'Tis true that many of them were young, and had but recently escaped from the college walls, filled with

the ardor of youth, and with visions of fame and fortune before them in the "far West."

They came over the mountains, through the vallies, across the wide prairies and through the dense forests, to the extreme western limits of the American Republic, for the Missouri river was then the western boundary line. Here, from among the older families, they selected wives, here they practiced their profession, made their homes, reared their families, and, with their generation passed away to be kindly remembered by some of the older friends who are with us now. For the time in which they lived they filled their places as well as the best physician of the land fills his to-day. What a contrast in the practice and country now and then! Now the physician rides in his softly cushioned carriage over the smooth roads, behind his fine horses, or in the more elegant cars by rail and stops at the stations to call upon his patients who live in their well furnished houses. He writes his prescriptions for his elixires, fluid extracts, sugar and Geletan coated pills, receives his pay in greenbacks and is back again in his office in a short time. Then the doctor, with his pill-bags and himself astride of his old, jaded, grass-fed horse, jogged his way along the trail that was claimed by the buffalo, the elk, the bear, the deer, and the Indian, to some log cabin away back in the lonely woods, many miles away from his home. Here he finds a house full of sick, and with his lancet, the first thing he bleeds them all around, then with his well worn spoon he measures out to them his calomel, his aloes, his tartar-emetic and ipecac, and then his Peruvian barks in its crude state, a horrid dose to take. It makes one shudder to think of it! Many times he was compelled to stay all night, sleep on the floor, with his saddle-blanket for a bed and his saddle for a pillow.

In the morning he takes his pay, if any, in pelts, ties them behind his saddle and then jogs his way along back home again, with a satisfied feeling that he has done but his duty, for no class of men are more generous or charitable, none give as much time, labor and thought to the poor and needy as the physicians, and none receive less thanks. The position that the doctor occupies in a community and to his patrons is different from that of a man of any other profession or occupation.

His cares are more numerous and greater, his labor is hard, and there is more expected of him than any other person. His business is with the sick, the distracted and the dying,—he stands face to face and battles with death when the chances are all against him. The lives of thousands are placed in his care and he is expected to combat disease and save every patient. To him is entrusted the secrets and troubles of many, and upon his judgment and counsel depends the prosperity and happiness of distressed families. Although upon his mind is resting the many cares of his own as well as those of others, and just from the chamber of the dying and the dead, he is expected to meet every one with a cheerful word and a happy smile.

Be charitable to him friends, and when you have all “gathered at the river” and have secured your places in the boat, please save one for the old family doctor, and when he has made his last call and written his last prescription, take him with you beyond the river and let him rest in the valley.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE COMMITTEE AT THE CLOSE OF THE RE-UNION.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Moore family are hereby tendered Capt. J. Milton Moore, of Oakland, California, for having first suggested this Centennial Re-union, and the great interest he manifested in it to its consummation.

Also, to Capt. L. W. Moore, of Belleville, to whose great energy and much labor, we are indebted for the ample and pleasant accommodations provided on the occasion. And be it further

Resolved, We tender our thanks to Thos. M. Cochrane, Gen'l Agent of the New Fairbanks factory, for his very cordial invitation to us to visit their works, and deeply regret our inability to do so for want of time. And it is further

Resolved, That we are grateful to the proprietress of the Thomas House, Mrs. A. B. Meckel, for her generosity in throwing open and beautifully decorating her parlors for the general reception of the family and their friends on the evenings of May 31st and June 1st, and for other numerous kindnesses.

THE COMMITTEE.

REMINISCENCES BY CAPT. J. M. MOORE OF OAK- LAND CALIFORNIA.

According to the best authenticated family history and tradition, the Moore's are of Scotch-Irish extraction, the first immigrants of that name having settled in the Province of Virginia at some period in the early part of the seventeenth century. The writer is led to this inference by the fact that the name figures contemporaneously in scraps and incidents of Colonial history, with many well-known names of Provincial Pioneers. Certain it is that as early as the year 1700, the Moore's were an old American family, the branches of the family tree having spread throughout the now States of Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and the Carolinas.

The name also figures with some prominence in the early Indian wars, as well as at a later period in the struggle with the Mother country for independence and in all of the subsequent wars. The descendants of the name, therefore, can justly claim to spring from pure revolutionary stock.

The family from which the writer is more immediately descended, belonged to the Virginia branch—Captain James Moore, in after life the Illinois pioneer, having been born in that State in the year 1750. It appears, however, that he for a short time resided in Maryland, where his eldest son, John Moore, was born. The locality in Virginia in which Captain James Moore lived was, according to the best information of the writer, in what was known as the Kanawka county, on the banks of the river of that name. In the year 1777 (Butler's History of Kentucky) he first went to the wilds of Illinois, on a reconnoitering expedition by order of Colonel George Rogers Clarke. At the close of Colonel Clarke's campaign, Captain Moore returned to his home and family in Virginia. At this time the financial affairs of the infant Republic, being in a somewhat crippled condition and deriving no revenue from the greater portion of her almost boundless domain, the government offered large inducements to immigrants in the way of landed grants, looking to the settlement of her vast and unexplored western territory. James Moore, fired with a spirit of adventure (engendered no doubt by his experience under Colonel Clarke)

at once took the initiative in the matter of organizing a colony for the far West. And the writer will here state that of all the brave, hardy spirits comprising the little band, though the cycles of a century have passed, the finger of suspicion or the breath of contumely or scorn have never been directed towards a single name. This little colony, which reached the Illinois country in 1781, was composed of Shadrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Larken Rutherford and James Garrison, with Captain James Moore as the leader. (Peck's *Annals of the West*). To this small Spartan band of pioneers belongs the honor, so far as we have any authentic information, of establishing and organizing the first settlement at Belle Fontaine in the almost trackless wilds of Illinois. They were the first to brave the dangers, privations and hardships of opening up to the settler that now opulent portion of the grand valley of the Mississippi known as Southern Illinois. From the present site of Wheeling, West Virginia, they went down the lonely Ohio to its confluence with the Mississippi, thence up the Father of Waters to Kaskaskia. This was in the fall or autumn of 1781, and here the colonists remained the winter, not deeming it best to brave the inclemency of the winter snows, coupled with the more insidious and unseen danger of ambush and assassination from the crafty and cowardly savages; for although Col. Clarke had, as he supposed, completely subjected the treacherous tribes, even from the lakes to the mouth of the Ohio, and although he had met with them in solemn treaty council in Cahokia, a small French settlement, and had smoked the pipe of peace with their representative chiefs, yet but a short time elapsed after the colonel's departure than the red devils commenced their usual incursions and depredations. And the writer will here state that during the whole of the pioneer lives of the colonists theirs was one continual struggle with the Indians. This, of course, could not be dignified by the name of war, as was the Black Hawk and other Indian wars of later date, and yet this desultory, sneaking species of warfare was attended with far more of danger and annoyance to the settler than open warfare would have been. In the spring of 1782, the intrepid colonists made their new homes upon the fair domain of what is now Monroe county, near the site of the afterward and present town of Waterloo.

Here James Moore, the pioneer, 'neath the shadowy arches of the trees, through whose branches the gentle spring zephyrs whispered their eternal secret, where the soft murmur of the fountain fell upon the ear with all the entrancing music of an Alhambra, and where the bright joyous wavelets bounded away towards the mighty river, pitched his tent, established his household gods, and laid the nucleus of his future home. Home! what a sweet name to the weary settler, and, oh! what holy influences and enchantments cluster around the spot, and though the sunshine and shadows of a century have passed, yet the descendants of the pioneer turn their eyes with all the reverence of the pilgrim toward his Meccan shrine, toward the soil hallowed by the pure and honored lives now passed away.

They were subsequently joined by little colonies, as follows: In 1783 by James Piggott, John Doyle, Robert Whitehead, James Flannery, and a Mr. Bowen; in 1785 by Joseph Ogle, Joseph Worley, and James Andrews, from Virginia, with large families; in 1786, by James Lemon, Geo. Atcherson, David Waddell, James McRoberts, and families, beside several others. (Peck's *Annals of the West*.) Within the boundaries of what is now Monroe county, all, or nearly all of the settlers established homes, the family of Lemon settling at what was subsequently known as New Design, where the honored remains of James Lemon still repose. His descendants lived pure and upright lives, many of them achieving prominence in the communities in which they lived.

James Moore was married to Miss Catherine Biggs, in Maryland, in or about the year 1772, and the issue of their marriage was a family of six children, born in the following order: John, William, James, Enoch, Mary, and Milton. John Moore, the eldest, was born in the eastern part of Maryland, in 1773, William and James were born in Virginia, and Enoch, Mary and Milton, at Belle Fontaine, Illinois. Of the issue above named, all lived to a ripe and honored maturity save William, who died in early manhood. To each of the surviving children was accorded by the government four hundred acres of land, except Milton, to whom, by consent, the original homestead, as located by their father, at Belle Fontaine, was awarded, the homestead embracing the same amount of land; all this, by the way, is something of a digression on the part of the writer.

After their arrival and partial establishment of themselves and families, our colonists, in the face of obstacles and difficulties that would at this time seem insurmountable, and by dint of unconquerable energy and perseverance, raised their first crop, and let it be borne in mind that at that time they had not alone poverty, scarcity of implements of husbandry and remoteness of situation to contend with, but that they were also within the territory of savage and hostile tribes, and under this state of affairs the military experience of Captain James Moore was of great value to himself and the colonists. Out of the younger men of the colony he organized a company of what may be termed minute men, who held themselves ready at a moment's call of their leader. James Moore being elected captain of this company, soon after received from the Governor of Virginia his commission as Captain of Militia, which title and position he held throughout his arduous and useful life. The writer will here state, in explanation receiving his commission from the Governor of Virginia, that Colonel George Rogers Clarke, having desired the Governor of Virginia to appoint a civil commandant, in October, 1778, an Act was passed establishing the county of Illinois, embracing within its boundaries all the chartered limits of Virginia west of the Ohio river.

After a time, Captain James Moore having established in some degree amicable relations with the Indians, he took the initiative steps toward founding a business of barter and trade with the neighboring tribes, with a view to mutual benefits. In this enterprise he formed a partnership with a Frenchman, whose name the writer cannot now recall, although he has heard frequent mention of it by his father and other members of the family. In order to successfully establish commercial relations with the different tribes they found it necessary to heavily subsidize the various chiefs in the way of presents; and just as all their efforts were being met with a substantial success, in a financial point of view, it pleased an all wise Creator to remove from his sphere of usefulness our honored ancestor, Captain James Moore, the pioneer. Upon the settlement of his affairs, the wily French partner so managed matters as to make the partnership assets of Captain James Moore almost "nil," when under an honest showing his family would have been left a competency, at least.

The death of Captain James Moore occurred in or about the year 1788, and, as has been intimated, his family were left almost destitute, for at this time their real estate had but little intrinsic value, and without the means wherewith to till it, was to them absolutely valueless; and as they had been defrauded of about all their property of a more useful character by the machinations of the dishonest French partner, the widow, with the exception of her little brood of children, was practically alone in the world, without means of support and far from home associations and kindred, for be it remembered the colonists were yet in their early struggles in their new world, were all poor and able to help each other but little. And the writer will here state that among the bright galaxy of the heroines of the world no name should shine with a brighter luster than that of the devoted self-sacrificing widow and mother. She called her children around her, and with bursting heart and Spartan fortitude she placed before them the situation. She showed them that by separation and distribution among strangers that they would be assured of warmth, shelter and food; on the other hand, that by remaining a family intact, to commence their battle with the world they must look forward to want, penury and hardship, with naught to sustain them save honor, resolute industry and their mutual love. She paused, and with all a mother's solicitude she watched the play of their youthful features as they looked from one to another.

Then spoke five years old Enoch, her fourth son, the memorable words that preserved their family circle a whole: "Mother, we'll stay together," and the voice of the children was: "so say we all." At this time the eldest of the children (and father of the writer) was but fourteen years of age, the youngest being an infant, and at this period commences the writer's most intimate knowledge of the history and affairs of his family. It may be imagined, but scarcely realized, the toils, privations, and suffering endured by this devoted mother and her young family. And to add to other trials, the crafty and treacherous Indians had resumed their sneaking style of warfare just as soon as the commercial relations established by Captain James Moore had ceased.

Their object did not seem in all cases to be massacre, but to filch and steal, and they had, indeed, openly boasted that

they spared the settlers that they might raise horses and provisions for them. But to return to the widow and her family. Her neighbors being sympathetic, planted for her her first crop, some standing guard against the encroachments of Indians while others worked, and at one time the danger became so imminent as to drive them all to the old block house in the American bottom for protection. In the opinion of the writer, there is no better time or place than this to state that the noble and devoted wife and widow of Captain James Moore lived to see every member of her little family attain their majority, and well and prosperously settled in life. In the year 1794 John Moore, the immediate progenitor of the writer, attained his majority, and in the same year was married to Miss Elizabeth Whiteside, eldest daughter of William and Mary Whiteside, of Whiteside Station. The year prior to this, the Whiteside family, accompanied by a colony, had migrated to Illinois from the State of Kentucky. The Whiteside family were originally from North Carolina. On their arrival in Illinois, they were most cordially received by our colonists, and they cultivated their first crop on a part of the Belle Fontaine farm.

The Whiteside family subsequently settled at what is, as the writer presumes, still known as the Station, situate about four miles north of the present site of the town of Waterloo. William Whiteside came to Illinois in command of a company of mounted rangers, of which he was captain, and their arrival was indeed a Godsend to the settlers, as the continual incursions of their crafty foes had rendered them weary and heartsick with hope deferred, for they had received no aid from the Government, as, indeed, they had no right to expect, the infant Republic having all that it could cope with at that time. Captain Whiteside and his mounted company did good service in checking the Indians in their advances and depredations, and, in fact, on many occasions succeeded in putting them to a complete rout.

Their adventures were many, and of so thrilling a character as to read more like romance than reality.

My father, John Moore, eldest son of the Pioneer, immediately upon his marriage, settled upon a part of what was subsequently known as Moore's Settlement, being a portion of his share allotted to him, as I have hereinbefore

described. He established his family roof tree at a point about one mile north of where the town of Waterloo now stands, and where the old brick homestead still stands.

Captain William Whiteside and his estimable wife lived to a good and honored old age, and died mourned and regretted by all the country side. They died at the Station, where their ashes still repose.

Elizabeth Whiteside Moore, wife of John Moore, departed this life October 14th, 1827, having been the mother of twelve children. She was a living embodiment of the highest type of Christian character. Gentle and winning in manner, thoroughly domestic in her tastes, her home and family were her world, where she ruled with a sceptre of kindness and love. With a halo of a life well spent shedding its effulgence about her she peacefully passed away.

On February 7th, 1830, John Moore contracted his second marriage, his choice being Mrs. Anna M. Reed, of South Carolina, and to them was born one son, Joseph Ogle Moore, April 19th, 1831.

John Moore, the eldest son of the pioneer, was no ordinary man. Upon the death of his father, young John being at the time but fifteen years of age, upon his youthful shoulders, assisted by that heroic mother of whom mention has been made, rested the care and rearing of his younger brothers and sister. Having seen his mother and family well on their way toward prosperity, he married young in years and commenced his life work, with no education save what he had acquired by the aid of the log fire as his study lamp, and his mother as his teacher, with no capital save an untarnished name, habits of industry, frugality, and a spirit of lofty integrity, excepting of course the landed patrimony inherited from his father, which was of no pecuniary value in those early days, he lived a life of usefulness and honor, becoming the recipient of many important trusts. The son of the early pioneer, he had seen much of the hardships of frontier life, and became early imbued with the principles, that the first duty of the citizen was the defence of his country and its laws. Accordingly, on the outbreak of the war of 1812, leaving home and family, he joined the ranks of a company of mounted rangers and served throughout the war. Prior to this time he held a commission as a Lieutenant in the Illinois militia, from which he derived his militiaman's right, and innumerable were the occasions upon

which he was called from his home to wage battle with the treacherous savages, in defence of the homes and firesides of the more distant settlers on the frontier. In civil life he was not undistinguished, being the first treasurer of Monroe County, and on every hand among those who knew him so long and well, his name was ever the synonym of truth and honor. Where duty was plain he had the strong will and lofty purpose to do it. On all moral questions he dared to do right. He was the first farmer in Illinois to banish whiskey from the harvest field. He believed it wrong to use it as a beverage, then he consulted his estimable wife, who was made of the same material, possessed of the same strong will and lofty courage exhibited by her legal lord, and she said: "Yes, we will reap our field of grain without strong drink," and it was done. God always has, and ever will, bless such *noble, brave and courageous* women.

He was one of the early anti-slavery men in Illinois. He worked, talked and voted against it, at a time when it cost him something to do so, and the writer is proud to say that John Moore lived to see the day when African slavery was prohibited in the State of Illinois by constitutional enactment. He was very strongly attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a worthy communicant from early manhood to the close of life. The church in Illinois during its struggles for existence in early times is indebted, perhaps more to his very generous gifts than to that of any other man. He never seemed to grow tired of giving. A large brick dwelling was erected by him in very early times, which was offered by him, free of charge, for a house of worship, and was gladly accepted by the infantile church and so used, during a period of twenty years or more. The fuel and light being for the most part furnished by him, while at the same time his cribs and store-houses of provisions were always open for the free use of the itinerant clergy, as also the official brethren of the church, during protracted and quarterly meeting occasions. He reared a large family, against not one of whom has ever been pointed the finger of suspicion, scandal, or scorn. While yet scarcely beyond the noontide of life he passed away, his dying hour bright with the radiance of immortal hope. His death occurred July 4th, 1833

William Moore was the second son of the pioneer, and lived to early manhood, when he died. He possessed a

quick and vigorous intellect, and gave promise of great future usefulness. He was born in Virginia, in 1775, and died in or about the year 1799.

Benjamin, the third son, was born in Virginia, in 1777, and died in infancy.

James Biggs Moore, better known as "The General," the fourth son of the pioneer, was born in the year 1780, in the State of Virginia, and came with his parents to Illinois, who settled (as has been stated) upon the original Belle Fontaine homestead. There, in his youth, he bore an active part in assisting his father in the establishment of a home, and in the development of the new country. Though young in years, he manfully bore his share of all the early struggles, privations, and dangers (which were many) incidental to the establishment of their rude home; and as schools were at that time unknown in the colony, his education was of a meagre character. While quite a young man, having scarcely attained his majority, he embarked on his first business venture. He literally embarked, as he became the owner of a keel-boat (which was, at that early day, the best known means of transportation), and traded in various kinds of merchandise as he plied his boat between different points on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, making trips to New Orleans, Pittsburgh, and other points, bringing to the colonists commodities obtainable only in the older settlements. On one of these trips on the Ohio he was accompanied by his mother and sister, who had been to their old home in Virginia to adjust some business affairs left unsettled, and on their homeward return, at one of the stopping points on their route, they were strongly importuned by a young man to become their fellow voyager, and as their little craft was already crowded they gave him but little encouragement. He, however, accompanied them to the river's bank where their boat was moored, and in one of the small shanties, or doggeries, (as they were termed in the classic vernacular of the time), and which were inseparable to all the river landings, the stranger picked up an antiquated violin, and being a master of the instrument he at once commenced to evolve sweet sounds from the harrassed cat-gut. It has been truly said that "music hath charms," and never was the maxim more amply exemplified than on this occasion, for our young adventurer had played but a few bars when he was tapped on the shoulder by the young captain and

told to go on board; his passage was assured, as he had fiddled himself into the good graces of the party. His name was David Robinson. He joined his fortunes with the colonists, was subsequently married to the sister of Captain James B. Moore, and later, served as a lieutenant under the command of Captain Moore in the war of 1812.

After a time Captain James B. Moore abandoned the business of boating, having realized well in his ventures, and settling on a portion of the tract allotted to him, some two miles northeast of the present town of Waterloo, he invested in a large tanning enterprise, at that time perhaps the largest west of the Alleghanies.

Shortly after his settling in life, Captain Moore was married to Miss Sarah Shook, daughter of Jonas Shook, Esq., who lived near where the city of Belleville now stands; and to them were born a family of eight children, six of whom (according to the best information of the writer) are now living.

At the breaking out of the war of 1812, Captain James B. Moore, well known to be a man of indomitable courage and nerve, as has been demonstrated on more than one occasion in his frontier life, and known to be an expert Indian fighter, and as great apprehension was at that time entertained from Indian raids and incursions along the border, the savages being fully alive to the fact that the government was involved in a foreign war, Governor Ninian Edwards authorized Captain Moore to raise and organize a company of mounted rangers, and commissioned him their captain. Of this company Enoch Moore was his first lieutenant and Stephen Rector* was his second lieutenant, while Jude Converse acted as his orderly sergeant until his death, being killed in one of their Indian battles, when his brother, Daniel Converse, succeeded him in his position. Daniel Converse afterward became identified with the whole history and organization of Monroe county, and was for many years the clerk of one of its Courts, and after a long and useful life, died full of years and full of honors.

It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the experiences and adventures of Captain Moore during those troublous times, suffice it to say that his engagements were numerous, being continually harrassed by the savage hordes by which

*Arthur Morgan served as 1st lieut. and David Robinson as 2d lieut. for a while.

he was surrounded, yet always succeeding in keeping them in check, and in protecting the white settlements along the border. In this arduous service he remained until the close of that short though memorable struggle. On his return to his home Captain James Moore was not permitted to retire to private life as was his desire, but was at once appointed by Governor Edwards to the office of sheriff, and he was in fact the first sheriff of Monroe county, Illinois being then a Territory, as it did not become a State until the year 1818, the Governor possessed the official appointing power.

This office he filled with credit and ability for several terms, and after the Territory of Illinois had assumed her place in the sisterhood of States, he was twice chosen to represent his fellow-citizens in the State Legislature, returning to his constituents the trust confided to him with a clean record and unsullied hands. Captain Moore was ever imbued with a thorough public spirit, being identified with many of the industrial pursuits and avenues of trade established and developed at that time in Monroe county, having established in addition to his tannery a milling enterprise on Prairie Delong creek, and a carding factory near his own place or homestead, which was long known as the Tan Yard farm, where he passed the last years of his life, and where, after a lingering illness, he died. Being thoroughly conscious of his approaching end, he summoned to his bedside his brother Enoch for the purpose of providing for an equitable apportionment and adjustment of his earthly effects and affairs. His death occurred in the year 1840, and having lived a consistent Christian life he passed from earthly scenes with all a Christian's resignation.

We come next to a brief sketch of the life of Enoch, the fifth issue of Captain James Moore, the pioneer. He was born in the old block house at Belle Fontaine, in the year 1783. Here amid the troublous times and exciting scenes of the early days his first years were spent, and here he saw the brave, strong spirit of his sire take its flight from earth, and when the sorrowing and almost destitute family left behind met in solemn conclave to determine upon a future course of action, 'twas his almost infantile lips that spoke the words that kept them united and intact, and this firmness and force of character thus early exhibited was always a leading characteristic of his life. At a very youthful age

he developed a thirst for knowledge and a great avidity for study. He eagerly sought after all kinds of books and literature of a practical and useful character, and possessing a mathematical mind of high order, he, when comparatively young, became one of the most competent surveyors and civil engineers of his day, and much of the Government surveying of that time was done under his immediate direction and supervision. About the year 1803 Enoch Moore was married to Miss Mary Whiteside, daughter of Captain Whitesides, of Whitesides Station, and after his marriage continued his studious researches, with a view to rendering himself thoroughly competent to meet all the duties in life he might be called upon to fulfill.

He settled upon the tract of land allotted him (four hundred acres) and here lived and pursued the quiet avocation of a farmer until our war with Great Britain in 1812, when he enlisted as a private in the company organized and commanded by his brother, Captain James Moore, with whom he shared the toils, hardships and dangers of that eventful time. At the close of the war he returned to his home and was at once selected by his fellow-citizens to fill the office of clerk of the Circuit Court, in which position he ably and acceptably acted for many years. He subsequently filled the office of Probate Judge of Monroe County, Illinois, and on the application of the then Territory for admission into the Union of States, he was chosen a delegate to its Constitutional Convention, and was afterward chosen by his constituency to represent them in the State Legislature. In his early manhood he allied himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his rare administrative abilities being at once recognized, he was called upon to fill various offices of an ecclesiastical nature, always receiving and meriting the commendation of his brethren.

After a time, with a view to the enlargement of his sphere of usefulness he became ordained an elder and local minister of the church, and his ministrations always bore stamp of the harmonious blending of kindly sympathy with determined and unflinching discipline.

With a mind eminently practical, and a vast range of reading, every detail of church government and discipline was at his command, and possessed, as he was, in an extraordinary degree with the power of pleasing and harmonizing, he was an invaluable auxiliary to the church, and his

being a character of the highest and purest Christian type, he inspired respect, love and admiration among all classes.

Enoch Moore, being of an active business natural bent, engaged in merchandizing in the town of Waterloo in company with one of his sons (McKendree), and at a most critical period for them, having large outstanding sums due the firm, his partner and son suddenly died, leaving matters in a somewhat embarrassed state. Owing to the utter impossibility of making immediate collections, and with heavy responsibilities and liabilities resting upon the firm, Enoch was forced to make heavy sacrifices in order to meet existing demands.

To accomplish this, the homestead tract was sold at a great sacrifice to his three younger sons, and although the law for the protection of insolvent debtors was in force and effect at that time in the State of Illinois, his fine sense of honor would not permit him to avail himself of its benefits, as he could have done, and as a consequence from a financial condition of ease and competence, he found himself reduced to comparative poverty, but not one dollar of their indebtedness remained unpaid.

His worthy helpmate was a woman of great energy and force of character, and endowed with a clear, strong intellect. In her, Enoch always found his best and safest counsellor, and his most earnest abettor in all his good works. She died December 23d, 1847. Her end, like his own, was peace, for not alone her own kith and kin, but myriads of the living and those gone before, rise up and call her blessed.

Enoch Moore departed this life early in the year 1848, aged 66 years, and though all that is mortal will moulder in decay, the memory of his pure life and acts of loving kindness will live green in the hearts of those who know and still survive him. His remains rest at Belle Fontaine.

Mary, the only daughter of Capt. Jas. Moore, the pioneer, was born in the old block house at Belle Fontaine in the year 1784, where her childhood and youth were passed. At an early age she was married to Col. David Robinson, of whom mention has heretofore been made, and with whom she lived to a serene and happy old age, a loved and revered wife and mother. She lived an exemplary Christian life, universally esteemed, and died mourned and regretted by all who knew her. Her death occurred in the year 1842.

The issue of the marriage of Mary and Col. Robinson was a family of fourteen children.

J. Milton Moore, Sr., the youngest scion born to the house of Captain James Moore, the pioneer, was born at Belle Fontaine, in the year 1786, where in the family circle his childhood and youth were passed, he bearing his share of the ills and privations incidental to frontier life at that early period.

While yet a youth, being of a somewhat delicate organization, his maternal uncle, Zaccheus Biggs, Esq., of Virginia, made the proposal to adopt for a time and take young Milton to his Virginia home, with a view to the beneficial results that might accrue from the change—which proposal was accepted.

His uncle gave him a good common school education, and young Milton developing an extraordinary aptitude in mathematics, he applied himself assiduously to the science of surveying and civil engineering, in which he attained a more than ordinary skill and perfection, and which proved of great service to him in his after life, as much of the Government surveying throughout the State of Illinois was performed by him and in a manner that elicited the encomiums of the department under which the service was performed.

He also filled the office of county surveyor of Monroe county, Ill., a position he held for many years—in fact until he declined further official life. At the outbreak of the war of 1812, J. Milton Moore at once joined his country's cause and served throughout the war, and on his return settled down to his chosen occupation, viz: surveyor and civil engineer. About the year 1814 he was married to Miss Mary Clark, a lady of most sterling good qualities, with whom he lived happily until the close of his useful life, which event occurred in the year 1844. He died at Belle Fontaine, where his remains rest.

Descendants of Enoch Moore, living	203
“ “ John Milton Moore, living	49
“ “ Mary Robison, living	91
“ “ John Moore, living	209
“ “ Gen. J. B. Moore, living	162
	<hr/>
Total	714

And now the writer will pause, for his work is done. Feebly and inadequately he is aware has he performed his task, for it is far beyond the power of his pen, though not of his appreciation, to do justice to the brave, gallant heroism of those grand and noble spirits who first made "the sounding aisles of the dim woods" ring to the anthem of progress. They were the vanguard and heralds of a mighty civilization, and all generations of American people owe a debt to the memories of those men, who far back in the twilight of the past sowed the seeds that have culminated in such grand fruition. A century has passed since the first settlement of the pioneers in southern Illinois, and their descendants live to see the results of their lives of danger, toil and hardships, and from their early efforts there has sprung one of the greatest of the proud galaxy of the Republic. On the bosom of that lone majestic river, whose waves washed the shores of unbroken solitude, there floats the commerce of a mighty people. On the site of the once frontier trading post, the fair "Queen City of the West" rears her stately proportions. Vast arteries of inland transportation bear in their course the treasures of commonwealths, and every throb of their motive power gives voice to the genius of American progress.

The silent, unseen forces of nature are utilized, and the electric current, taking the form of thoughts expressed, in the twinkling of an eye conquers time and space in their transmission. Stately mansions have taken the place of the rude homes of the pioneers, but no truer, noble hearts animate the breasts of the dwellers therein than characterized the lives of the brave, sturdy pioneer, who from the port-holes of his rude block-house, or amid the rock and scoria of the forest, fought for his home and loved ones, and so long as the great Commonwealth of Illinois shall bear her proud name will the names of Ogle, Lemon, Whitesides, Edgar, Morrison, Edwards, Garrison, Pope, Ford, McRoberts and Moore live green in the memories of the children of her soil.

And now, in bidding a final adieu to the gallant pioneers of his native State, the writer can but repeat the lines:

"The good knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust.
But their spirits are with the saints, we trust."

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 26, 1882.

DR. D. N. MOORE, CARLYLE, ILL.

My Dear Friend:—Enclosed I send you some lines which were suggested by the re-union of your family. I felt as if I could not forego the opportunity of paying a tribute, however humble, to a family to whom I felt so much indebted for their kindness and support during my early professional career. As ever yours, etc.,

T. QUICK.

The slip I send you is taken from the advance sheets of *Ford's Christian Repository*, published in this city, and in which it will appear in the August number.

T. Q.

BELLE FONTAINE.*

Respectfully inscribed to the descendants of the pioneer, Captain JAMES MOORE.

Thy waters, Belle Fontaine, in motion,
Are stealing through forest and glade,
And wending their way to the ocean,
Through many a woodland arcade.

Thy rippling music is echoed
In solitudes scarce ever seen;
The stars in thy cool depths are frescoed,
Thy banks fringed with carpets of green.

Since the bright glowing morn of creation,
Thy wavelets have gurgled along;
Each kindred, each tribe, and each nation,
Have heard thy sweet cadence of song.

The mound-builders drank at thy fountain,
The red man there laid down to dream;
The white man came over the mountain,
And dwelt by thy beautiful stream!

'Tis more than a century, a trifle,
Since echoes along thy green shore,
Were waked by the sound of a rifle
In the hand of the patriot Moore.

His grand-children linger around thee,
Recounting the labors of yore,
Of their honored ancestor who found thee—
The pioneer, Captain James Moore!

Near thy cool plashing waters he's sleeping,
With those he loved—children and wife—
Their spirits in Heaven are keeping
Their watch by the "River of Life."

May their kindred at last, ne'er to sever,
 All meet in the mansions above,
 And in blissful re-union forever,
 There drink from the Fountain of Love!

Flow on, then, thou clear, crystal fountain;
 Bear tidings far down to the sea.
 Of the hero who came o'er the mountain,
 To plant here the *Flag of the Free*!

T. QUICK.

415 Summit Ave., St. Louis, Mo., June 10, 1882.

NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM BIGGS.†

In the year 1788, March 28th, I was going from Bellfontain to Cahokia, in company with a young man named John Vallis, from the State of Maryland; he was born and raised near Baltimore. About 7 o'clock in the morning I heard two guns fired; by the report I thought they were to the right; I thought they were white men hunting; both shot at the same time. I looked but could not see any body; in a moment after I looked to the left and saw sixteen Indians, all upon their feet with their guns presented, about forty yards distant from me, just ready to draw trigger. I was riding between Vallis and the Indians in a slow trot, at the moment I saw them. I whipped my horse and leaned my breast on the horse's withers, and told Vallis to whip his horse, that they were Indians. That moment they all fired their guns in one platoon; you could scarcely distinguish the report of their guns one from another. They shot four bullets into my horse, one high up in his withers, one in the bulge of the ribs near my thigh, and two in his rump, and shot four or five through my great coat. The moment they fired their guns they ran towards us and yelled so frightfully, that the wounds and the yelling of the Indians scared my horse so that he jumped so suddenly to one side of the road, that my gun fell off my shoulder, and twisted out of my hand: I then bore all my weight on one stirrup, in order to catch my gun, but could not. I had a large bag of beaver fur, which prevented me from recovering my saddle, and having no girth

* Belle Fontaine is the name of a magnificent spring of water near the town of Waterloo, Ill., situated on what was originally the homestead of the pioneer hero, Captain James Moore, and now owned by his great-grand-children.

†Wm Biggs was a brother of the wife of Captain James Moore.

nor crupper to my saddle, it turned and fell off my horse, and I fell with it, but caught on my feet and held by the mane; I made several attempts to mount my horse again; but the Indians running up so close, and making such a frightful yelling, that my horse jumped and pranced so that it was impossible for me to mount him again, but I held fast to my horse's mane for twenty or thirty yards; then my hold broke and I fell on my hands and knees, and stumbled along about four or five steps before I could recover myself. By the time I got fairly on my feet, the Indians were about eight or ten yards from me—I saw then there was no other way for me to make my escape but by fast running, and I was determined to try it, and had but little hopes at first of my being able to escape. I ran about one hundred yards before I looked back—I thought almost every step I could feel the scalping knife cutting my scalp off. I found I was gaining ground on them, I felt encouraged and ran about three hundred yards farther, and looking back saw that I had gained about one hundred yards, and considering myself quite out of danger. A thought then occurred to me, that I was as safe and out of danger as I would be if I were in the City of Philadelphia; the Indians had quit yelling and slackened their running—but I did not know it then. It being a tolerable cold morning and I was very heavily clad, I thought perhaps the Indians would give me a long chase, and probably that they would hold out better than I could; although at that time I did not feel the least tired or out of breath. I concluded to throw off my two coats and shoes, as I would then be better prepared for a long race. I had my great coat tied around me with a silk handkerchief pretty much worn—I recollect tying it with a slip knot, but being in a hurry, it was drawn into a double hard knot; I tried some little time to get it loose—the longer I tried the harder the knot seemed to get, that stopped my running considerably; at length I broke it by some means, I do not know how. In the morning I forgot to put on my shot pouch before I put on my great coat, and then put it on over it. I pulled off the sleeves of my great coat, not thinking of my shot-pouch being over the coat, it having a very short strap, the coat got so tight in the strap that I could not get it loose for a considerable time. Still trying, it hung down and trailed on the ground, and every two or three steps it would wrap around

my legs and throw me down, and I would catch on my hands and knees, it served me so several times, so that I could make no head-way at running. After some considerable time, I broke the strap and my great coat dropped from me—I had no knife with me.

The Indians discovered that something was the matter and saw me tumbling down several times. I suppose they thought I was wounded and could run no farther; they then set up the yell again and mended their gait running. By the time I got my great coat loose from me, and was in the act of pulling off my under coat, I was pulling off one sleeve I looked back over my shoulder, but had not time to pull it off—the Indians being within ten yards of me. I then started again to run, but could not gain any ground on them, nor they on me; we ran about one hundred yards farther and neither appeared to gain ground; there was a small pathway that was a little nearer than to keep the big road,—I kept the big road, the Indians took the path, and when we came where the path comes into the big road the Indians were within three or four yards from me—we ran forty or fifty steps farther and neither appeared to gain ground. I expected every moment they would strike me with their tomahawks—I thought it would not do to be killed running like a coward and saw no other way to make my escape than to face about and to catch the tomahawk from the first that attempted to strike me, and jerk it from him, which I made no doubt but I was able to do; then I would have a weapon to fight with as well as them, and by that means I would be able to make my escape; they had thrown down their guns before they gave me chase, but I had not fairly faced about before an Indian caught me by the shoulder and held his tomahawk behind him and made no attempt to strike me. I then thought it best for me not to make any resistance till I would see whether he would attempt to strike me or not. He held me by the shoulder till another came up and took hold of me, which was only four or five moments; then a third Indian came up, the first Indian that took hold of me took the handle of his tomahawk and rubbed it on my shoulder and down my arm, which was a token that he would not kill me and that I was his prisoner. Then they all took their hands off me and stood around me. The fourth Indian came up and attempted to strike me, but the first Indian that caught me pushed him away.

He was still determined to kill me, and tried to get around to my back; but I still faced round as he was trying to get to my back—when he got up by my side, he drew his tomahawk the second time to strike me, but the same Indian pushed him off again and scolded him very much—he let his tomahawk hang by his side, but still intended to kill me if he could get an opportunity. The other Indians watched him very closely. There were but four Indians that gave me chase, they were all naked except their breechcloth, leggins and moccasins. They then began to talk to me in their own language, and said they were Kickapoos, that they were very good Indians, and I need not be afraid, they would not hurt me, and I was now a Kickapoo and must go with them, they would take me to the Matocush, meaning a French trading town on the Wabash river. When the Indians caught me I saw Mr. Vallis about one hundred yards before me on the road—he had made a halt. They shot him in the left thigh, about seven or eight inches above the knee, the ball came out just below his hip, his horse was not injured—he rode an elegant horse which carried him out of all farther danger—his wound mortified, he lived six weeks after he was wounded, then died. I understood their language, and could speak a little. They then told me to march; an Indian took hold of each of my arms, and led me back to where they shot at me, and then went about half a mile further off the road, where they had encamped the night before and left their blankets and other things. They then took off my under coat and tied my hands behind my back, and then tied a rope to that, tying about six or seven feet long, we then started in a great hurry, and an Indian held one end of the rope while we were marching. There were but eight Indians marched in company with me that morning from the camp. The other eight took some other route, and never fell in with us again, until some time after we got out to their towns. We had marched about three or four miles from that camp when Vallis arrived at the fort, about six miles from where they caught me, where they fired a swivel to alarm the people who were out of the fort—when the Indians heard the swivel they were very much alarmed, and all looked that way and hallowed yough, yough. They then commenced running, and run in a pretty smart trot of a run for five or six miles before they halted, and then walked very fast until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when they

separated, I supposed to hunt, having nothing to eat. The old chief and one of the other Indians kept on a straight course with me, we traveled about three miles, when we got a little way into a small prairie and halted about fifteen minutes, there one of the party fell in with us, he had killed a bear and brought as much of the meat with him as he could carry. We then crossed the prairie and came to a large run about one mile and a half from where we had halted to rest. By this time three Indians had joined us. We halted there, made a fire and roasted the bear meat, the other two Indians staid behind as spies. Whilst the meat was cooking, the Indians held a council what they would do with the Indian that wanted to kill me. He was a young fellow about 19 years of age and of a different nation, being a Pottowatema. They did not want him to go to war with them; they said he was a great coward and would not go into danger till there was no risk to run, then he would run forward and get the best of the plunder, and that he would not be commanded; he would do as he pleased; was very selfish and stubborn, and was determined to kill me if he could get a chance. They determined in their council to kill him. It is a law with the Indians when they go to war, if an Indian will not obey the counsels and commands of his captain or chief, to kill them. When their meat was cooked, they ate very hearty, and when they were done eating, three of the Indians got up, put on their budgets and started, this young Indian was one of them. I also got up to show a willingness to be ready. The old chief told me to sit down, and the three Indians started off. In about three or four minutes after we started, but varied a little in our course. We had not traveled more than one hundred yards when we heard the report of a gun. The old chief then told me that they had killed the Indian that wanted to kill me. The other two Indians fell in company with us before night. We then traveled till about 10 o'clock in the night, when we encamped at a large grove of timber in a prairie, about four miles from the edge of the woods; made no fire that night. We traveled about forty miles that day. After they rested a while they sat down to eat their jirk. They gave me some but I could not eat any. After they were done eating, one of the Indians was sitting with his back against a tree, with his knife lying between his legs. I was sitting facing him with my feet nearly touching his. He

began to inquire of me of what nation I belonged to. I was determined to pretend that I was ignorant and could not understand him. I did not wish them to know that I could speak some Indian language, and understand them better than I could speak. He first asked me in Indian if I was a Mat-tocush, (that is a Frenchman in English.) I told him no. He asked me if I was a Sagenash, (an Englishman.) I told him no. He again asked if I was a Shemolsea, (that is a long knife or a Virginian.) I told him no. He then asked me if I was a Bostonely, (that is American.) I told him no. About one minute afterwards, he asked me the same questions over again. I then answered him yes; he then spoke English and caught up his knife in his hand, and said "you are one dam son of a bitch." I really thought he intended stabbing me with his knife. I knew it would not do to show cowardice, I being pretty well acquainted with their manner and ways. I then jumped upon my feet and spoke in Indian and said manetway, kien, depaway, in English it is no, I am very good, and clapped my hand on my breast when I spoke and looked very bold; the other Indians all set up such ha! ha! and laugh that it made the other Indian look very foolish. He sat still and looked very sulky. After they had rested a while, they began to prepare to lay down. They spread down a deer-skin and blanket for me to lay on. They had tied a rope around my arms above my elbows, and tied that rope across my back, and a rope around my neck; they then tied the end of another rope behind to the neck rope, then down my back to the pinion rope; they then drew my hands forward across my stomach and crossed my wrists; then tied my wrists very tight; then tied my legs together, just below my knees; then tied my feet together with a rope round my ankles; then took a small cord and tied in between my wrists, and also between my ankles very tight, in order to prevent me from drawing out my hands or feet; they then took another cord and tied one end to the neck rope; then to the hand rope; then from the hand rope to the knee rope; they then took a rope about six feet long and tied one end to the wrist rope, and the other end to a stake about six feet from me stretched very tight, and an Indian laid on that rope all night; then they took another rope about the same length, and tied one end to the knee rope and the other end to a stake, and another Indian laid on that all night; then they tied a large half-dressed elk rope, one end to the back part of the neck rope

which made a knot as big as my fist, the other end they tied to a stake about six feet from my head. When they finished their tying me, they covered me with a blanket. They tied me in the foregoing way nine nights in succession; they had me stretched and tied so tight, that I could not move one inch to turn or rest myself; that large knot was on the back of my neck, so that I was obliged to lay on it all night, and it hurt my neck very much. I never suffered as much in the same length of time in all my life; I could hardly walk when we got out to their town. They never made me carry anything except a blanket they gave me to keep myself warm, when they took all my clothes from me. The Indians carried a deer-skin and blanket all the way for me to lodge upon. When my hands and feet became sore with the tying, the Indians would always pull off my moccasins at night and put them on in the morning, and patch them when they would require it.

The second day we started very early in the morning and traveled about thirty-five miles, which was the 29th of March.

The third day we traveled about thirty miles, which was the 30th of March. They killed a deer that day—in the evening they took the intestines out of the deer and freed them of their contents, when they put them in the kettles with some meat and made soup. I could not eat any of it.

The fourth day we traveled about twenty-five miles. We stopped about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at a pond. They staid there all night. They had some dried meat, tallow, and buffalo marrow, rendered up together, lashed and hung upon a tree about twenty feet from the ground, which they had left there in order to be sure to have something to eat on their return. They killed two ducks that evening. The ducks were very fat. They picked one of the ducks, and took out all its entrails very nice and clean, then stuck it on a stick, and stuck the other end of the stick in the ground before the fire, and roasted it very nice. By the time the duck was cooked, one of the Indians went and cut a large block out of a tree to lay the duck upon; they made a little hole in the ground to catch the fat of the duck while roasting. When the duck was cooked, they laid it on this clean block of wood, then took a spoon and tin cup, and lifted the grease of the duck out of the hole and took it to the cooked duck on the table, and gave me some salt, then told me to go and eat. I sat by and eat the whole of the duck, and could have eat more if I would have had anything more to eat,

though I had no bread. I thought I had never eat anything before that tasted so good. That was the first meal I had eaten for four days. The other duck they pulled a few of the largest feathers out off, then threw the duck, guts, feathers and all into their soup-kettle, and cooked it in that manner.

The fifth day we traveled about thirty miles. That night I felt very tired and sore, my hands, arms, legs and feet had swelled and inflamed very much by this time; the tying that night hurt me very much, indeed. I thought I could not live until morning; it felt just like a rough saw cutting my bones. I told the Indians I could not bear it, it would kill me before morning, and asked them to unslack or unloose the wrist rope a little, that hurt me the most. They did so, and rather more than I expected, so much that I could draw my hands out of the tying, which I intended to do as soon as I thought the Indians were asleep. When I thought the Indians were all asleep I drew my right hand out of the tying, with an intention to put it back again before I would go to sleep, for fear I should make some stir in my sleep and they might discover me. But, finding so much more ease, and resting so much better, I fell asleep before I knew it, without putting my hand back into the tying. The first thing I knew about 3 o'clock in the morning, an Indian was sitting astraddle me, drawing his tomahawk and rubbing it across my forehead, every time he would draw a stroke with the pipe of his tomahawk, he threatened to kill me, and saying I wanted to run away; I told him to kill away. I would as leave die as live. I then told him I was not able to run away. He then got off me, and the rest of the Indians were all up immediately. They then held a short council and agreed to tie me as tight as ever, and they did so. I got no more sleep that night. I never asked them to loose my ropes any more.

The sixth day we traveled about thirty miles, and had nothing to eat that day.

The seventh day we traveled about twenty-five miles; they killed a doe that day. She had two fawns in her, not yet haired. They stopped about four o'clock in the evening, and cooked the doe and her two fawns, and eat the whole up that night. They gave me part of a fawn to eat, but I could not eat it, it looked too tender. I eat part of the doe.

The eighth day we traveled about twenty-five miles, and had nothing to eat that day.

The ninth day we traveled about fifteen miles. We then arrived at an Indian hunting camp, where they made sugar that spring. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we had not yet anything to eat that day. The Indians that lived there had plenty of meat, hominy grease and sugar to eat. They gave us a plenty of everything they had to eat. We were very hungry and eat like hungry dogs. When we were satisfied eating, the warriors went into a large cabin and I went with them, and immediately several of their friends came in to see them, both men and squaws, to hear the news. It is a custom with that nation for the squaws to demand presents of the warriors if they have been successful. After some little inquiry the squaws began to demand presents of the warriors; some would ask for a blanket, some for a shirt, some for a tomahawk; one squaw asked for a gun. The warriors never refused anything that was demanded. The manner in which they made their demand was, they would go up to an Indian and take hold of what they wanted. When the squaws were done with the warriors, there came a squaw and took hold of my blanket; I saw how the game was played, I just threw it off and gave it to her; then there came up a young squaw about eleven or twelve years old and took hold of my shirt, I did not want to let that go, as it was a very cold day, and I let on I did not understand what she wanted. She appeared to be very much ashamed and went away. The older squaws encouraged and persuaded her to try it again; she came up the second time and took hold of my shirt again, I still pretended to be ignorant, but she held fast. I knew it would have to go. One of the warriors then stepped up and told me to let her have it. I then pulled it off and gave it to her. The old squaws laughed very much at the young squaw. I was then quite naked and it was a very cold day; I had nothing on me but moccasins, leggings and breachcloth. We remained there about 3 or 4 hours. The warriors then went out to the war post to dance, they invited me to go with them to dance. I did so, they sung and danced around the war-post for about half an hour. The old Indians would sing and dance sometimes out of the ring and appeared very lively. The warriors then marched right off from their dance on their journey. We had not got further than about 50 or 60 yards when I looked back and saw a squaw running with a blanket; she threw it on my shoulders, it fell down. I turned round and picked it up, it was a very

old, dirty, lousy blanket, though it was better than nothing as the day was very cold. We traveled about five or six miles that evening, then encamped in the woods. I suffered very much that night from the cold.

The tenth day we traveled five or six miles in the morning. We got within a quarter of a mile of a new town, on the west bank of the Wabash river, where those warriors resided, about nine o'clock, and made a halt at a running branch of water, where the timber was very thick, so that they could conceal themselves from the view of the town. They then washed themselves all over and dressed themselves with paint of different colors. They made me wash, then they painted me and said I was a Kickapoo. They then cut a pole and peeled it, painted it different colors and stuck the big end in the ground, and cleared a ring around the pole for to dance in. The fifth night they cut a lock of hair out of the crown of my head about as thick as my finger, plaited it elegantly, and put it in their conjuring bag, and hung that bag on the pole they contemplated dancing around, and said that was their prisoner, and I was a Kickapoo, and must dance with them. When they all got ready to dance, the captain gave three very loud halloes, then walked into the ring and the rest all followed him. They placed me the third next to the captain; they then began to sing and dance. When we had danced about half an hour, I saw several old men, boys and squaws come running to where we were dancing. When there were a considerable number of them collected, the captain stepped out of the ring and spoke to the squaws. He told them to carry his and the other warriors' budgets to the town; the captain then joined the other warriors and me in the dancing ring; he marched in the front and we danced and sung all the way from there into the town. Some of the old Indian warriors marched upon each side of us, and at times would sing and dance until we got into their town. We continued dancing until we got through the town to the war-post, which stood on the west bank of the Wabash river; danced round that about twenty minutes; they then marched into the town, took all the cords off me, and showed me a cabin, told me to go in there, they were good Indians, they would give me something to eat; I need not fear, as they would not hurt me. I accordingly went in, where I received a plenty to eat and was treated very kindly. The warriors went into other cabins and

feasted very greedily. We had not eat anything that morning nor the night before. About one hour and a half before the sun set the same evening, the warriors went out to the war-post again to dance. They took me with them; several other Indians were present. They had danced about half an hour, when I saw two Indian men and a squaw riding a horseback across the Wabash river, from the east side; they came to where we were dancing. One of the Indians had a handkerchief tied around his head and was carrying a gun; the other had a cocked hat on his head, and had a large sword. The warriors never let on that they saw them, but continued dancing about fifteen minutes. After the two Indians and squaw came up the warriors quit dancing and went to them and shook hands; they appeared very glad to see each other. The captain of the warriors then talked with them about half an hour, and appeared to be very serious in their conversation. The captain then told me I must go with them two Indians and squaw. The sun was just then setting; the two Indians looked very much pleased. I did not want to go with them, as I knew not where they were going, and would have rather remained with the warriors that took me, as I had got acquainted with them, but the captain told me I must go with the two Indians and squaw, and that they were very good Indians. The Indian that had the sword rode up to a stump and told me to get up behind him on his horse; I did so with great reluctance, as I knew not where they were going; they looked very much like warriors. However, they started off very lively, and the Indian that I was riding behind began to plague and joke the squaw about me; she was his sister-in-law. He was an Indian that was full of life and very funny. When I got acquainted with him I was well pleased with him. We traveled about ten miles that evening before we reached the place they resided. They were then living at a sugar camp, where they had made sugar that spring, on the west bank of the Wabash, about ten miles below the old Kickapoos' trading town, opposite to the Weawes town. We arrived at their sugar camp about two hours in the night. They then gave me to an old Kickapoo chief, who was the father of the Indian that carried the gun, and the squaw, and the father-in-law of the funny Indian. The old chief soon began to inquire of me where I lived, and where the Indians caught me. I told him. He then asked me if

they did not kill an Indian when they took me prisoner. I told him no, there was no body with me but one man and he had no gun. He then asked me again, if the Indians did not kill one of their own men when they took me. I told him I did not know; the captain told me they did, but I did not see them kill him. The old chief then told me that it was true, they did kill him, and said he was a bad Indian, he wanted to kill me. By this time the young squaw, the daughter of the old chief, whom I traveled in company with that evening, had prepared a good supper for me; it was hominy beat in a mortar, as white and as handsome as I ever saw, and well cooked; she fried some dried meat, pounded very fine in a mortar, in oil, then sprinkled sugar very plentifully over it. I ate very hearty; indeed, it was all very good and well cooked. When I was done eating, the old chief told me to eat more. I told him I had eat enough. He said no, if I did not eat more I could not live. Then the young squaw handed me a tincupful of water, sweetened with sugar. It reli-hed very well. Then the old chief began to make further inquiries. He asked me if I had a wife and family. I told him I had a wife and three children. The old chief then appeared to be very sorry for my misfortune, and told me that I was among good Indians, I need not fear, they would not hurt me, and after awhile I should go home to my family; that I should go down the Wabash to Opost, from there down to the Ohio, then down the Ohio, and then up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia. We sat up until almost midnight; the old chief appeared very friendly indeed. The young squaw had prepared a very good bed for me, with bearskins and blankets. I laid down and slept very comfortably that night. It appeared as though I had got into another world, after being confined and tied down with so many ropes and the loss of sleep nine nights. I remained in bed pretty late next morning. I felt quite easy in mind, but my wrists and legs pained me very much and felt very sore. The young squaw had her breakfast prepared and I eat very hearty. When breakfast was over this funny Indian came over and took me to his cabin, about forty yards from the old chief's. There were none living at that place then but the old chief, his wife and daughter. They lived by themselves in one cabin, and the old chief's son and son-in-law and their wives in another cabin, and a widow squaw, the

old chief's daughter, lived by herself in a cabin adjoining her brother and brother-in-law. None of them had any children but the old chief. A few minutes after I went into this funny Indian's cabin he asked me if I wanted to shave. I told him yes, my beard was very long. He then got a razor and gave it to me. It was a very good one. I told him it wanted strapping. He went and brought his shot-pouch strap. He held one end and I the other end. I gave the razor a few passes on the strap, and found the razor to be a very good one. By this time the old chief's young squaw had come over; she immediately prepared some hot water for me to shave, and brought it in a tincup and gave it to me, and a piece of very good shaving soap. By the time I was done shaving the young squaw had prepared some clean water in a pewter basin for me to wash, and a cloth to wipe my hands and face. She then told me to sit down on a bench; I did so. She got two very good combs, a coarse and a fine one. It was then the fashion to wear long hair; my hair was very long and very thick and very much matted and tangled; I traveled without any hat or anything else on my head; that was the tenth day it had not been combed. She combed out my hair very tenderly, and then took the fine one and combed and looked my head nearly one hour. She then went to a trunk and got a ribbon and queued my hair very nicely. The old chief's son then gave me a very good regimental blue cloth coat, faced with yellow buff-colored cloth. The son-in-law gave me a very good beaver macaroni hat. These they had taken from some officers they had killed. Then the widow squaw took me into her cabin and gave me a new ruffled shirt and a very good blanket. They told me to put them on; I did so. When I had got my fine dress on, the funny Indian told me to walk across the floor. I knew they wanted to have a little fun. I put my arms akimbo with my hands on my hips, and walked with a very proud air three or four times backwards and forwards across the floor. The funny Indian said in Indian that I was a very handsome man and a big captain. I then sat down, and they viewed me very much, and said I had a very handsome leg and thigh, and began to tell how fast I ran when the Indians caught me, and showed how I ran—like a bird flying. They appeared to be very well pleased with me, and I felt as comfortable as the nature of the case would admit of.

The next morning after breakfast, they all left that camp ; they put all their property into a large perouge and moved by water up the Wabash river to the old Kickapoo trading town, about ten miles from their sugar camp ; they sent me by land and one Indian with me. When we had got about half way to the town, we met with a young Frenchman ; his name was Ebart ; I was very well acquainted with him in the Illinois country ; he spoke tolerably good English. The Indian then left me, and I went on to the town with the young Frenchman ; I got to the town before the Indians arrived with their perouge, and the young Frenchman showed me their cabin, and told me to stay there until they would come, that they would be there in a few minutes. I there met with an English trader, a very friendly man, whose name was John McCauslin ; he was from the north of England ; we made some little acquaintance. He was a Freemason and appeared very sorry for my misfortune and told me he would do everything in his power to befriend me and told me I was with good Indians, they would not hurt me. He inquired of me where I lived and asked if I had a family. He then told me of the circumstance of the Indians killing one of their own men that day they caught me. He said it was a fact, he was a bad Indian and would not obey the commands of his captain and that he was still determined to kill me. My Indian family soon arrived and cleared up their cabin and got their dinner ready. They were a smart, neat and cleanly family, kept their cabin very nice and clean, the same as white women, and cooked their victuals very nice. After dinner was over, there came four Indians in the old chief's cabin. Two of them were the old chief's brother's children. They appeared to be in a very fine humor. I did not know but that they belonged to the same family and town. They had not been there more than one hour, until the old chief and the four Indians sat down on the floor in the cabin and had a long discourse about an hour and a half. Then all got up. The old chief then told me I must go with those Indians. I told him I did not want to go. He then told me I must go ; that they were his children and that they were very good Indians ; they would not hurt me. Then the old chief gave me to the oldest brother, in place of his father who was killed about one year before by the white people ; he was one of their chiefs. Then the four Indians started off and I with them ; they went down to the

lower end of the town and stopped at an Indian cabin and got some bread and meat to eat. They gave me some. I did not go into the Indian cabin. They had not been in the cabin more than ten or twelve minutes before the old chief's young squaw came up and stood at the door. She would not go in. I discovered the Indians laughing and plaguing her. She looked in a very ill humor; she did not want them to take me away. They immediately started from the cabin and took a tolerably large path that led into the woods in a pretty smart trot. The squaw started immediately after them. They would look back once in a while, and when they would see the squaw coming they would whoop, holler and laugh. When they got out of sight of the squaw, they stopped running and traveled in a moderate walk. When we got about three miles from the town, they stopped where a large tree had fallen by the side of the path and laid high off the ground. They got up high on the log and looked back to see if the squaw was coming. When the squaw came up she stopped and they began to plague her and laugh at her. They spoke in English. They talked very vulgar to the squaw. She soon began to cry. When they got tired plaguing her, they jumped off the log and started on their road in a trot, and I ran with them. The squaw stood still till we got most out of sight. They would look back and laugh and sometimes holler and whoop, and appeared to be very much diverted. They did not run very far before they slackened in their running. They then walked moderately until they got to their town, which was three miles further from the tree they stopped at. We got into their town about one hour and a half before the sun set. That same evening the squaw came in about half an hour after we arrived. I met with a young man that evening who had been taken prisoner about eighteen months before I was taken. His name was Nicholas Coonse (a Dutchman), then about 19 years of age. He heard I was coming, and he came to meet me a little way out of town. He was very glad to see me and I to see him, and we soon made up acquaintance. Coonse and myself were to live in one cabin together. The two brothers that I was given up to, one of them claimed Coonse and the other claimed me. They both lived in the same cabin. When the squaw arrived, she came immediately to our cabin and stood outside at the door; she would not come in. I noticed the Indians plaguing and laughing

at her; she looked very serious. About sunset, Coonse asked me if I wanted a wife. (He could not speak very good English, but he could speak pretty good Indian.) I told him no. He then told me if I wanted one, I could have one. I asked him how he knew that. He said, "There is a squaw that wants to marry you," pointing at her. I told him I reckoned not. He says, "Yes, indeed, she tus; she came after you a purpose to marry you." I told Coonse I had a wife, and I did not want another one. He says, "O, well, if you want her you can haf her." She stood by the door for some time after dark. I did not know when she went away; she staid two days and three nights before she returned home. I never spoke a word to her while she was there. She was a very handsome girl, about 18 years of age, a beautiful, full figure and handsomely featured, and very white for a squaw. She was almost as white as dark complexioned white women generally are. Her father and mother were very white skinned Indians.

The next day was the 9th day of April, and thirteenth day that I had been their prisoner. The chief Indians and warriors that day held a general council, to know in what manner and way to dispose of me. They collected in the cabin where I lived. While they were in council their dinner was cooking. There were about ten in number, and they all sat down on the floor in a circle, and then commenced by their interpreter, Nicholas Coonse.

The first question they asked me was, "Would I have my hair cut off like they cut theirs?" I answered "No." The second question they asked me was, "If I would have holes bored in my ears and nose and have rings and lead hung in them like they had?" I answered "No." The third question they asked me was, "If I could make hats?" (I had a large bag of beaver fur with me when they took me prisoner; from that circumstance I suppose they thought I was a hatter.) I answered "No." The fourth question they asked me was, "If I was a carpenter?" and said they wanted a door made for their cabin. I answered "No." The fifth question they asked me was, "If I was a blacksmith; could I mend their guns and make axes and hoes for them?" I answered "No." The sixth question they asked me was, "If I could hoe corn?" I answered "No." The seventh question they asked me was, "If I could hunt?"

I answered "No. I could shoot at a mark very well, but I never hunted any." Then they told Coonse to ask me how I got my living; if I could do no work. I thought I had out-generalled them, but that question stumped me a little. The first thought that struck my mind, I thought I would tell them I was a weaver by trade, but a second thought occurred to my mind, I told Coonse to tell them I made my living by writing. The Indians answered and said it was very well. The eighth question they asked me was, "If I had a family?" I answered "Yes," I had a wife and three children." The ninth question they asked me was, "If I wanted to go home to see my wife and children?" I answered "Yes." They said, "Very well, you shall go home by and by." The tenth question they asked me was, "If I wanted a wife then?" I answered "No," and told them it was not the fashion for the white people to have two wives at the same time. They said, very well, I could get one if I wanted one, and they said if I staid with them until their corn got in roasting ears, then I must take a wife. I answered them yes, if I staid that long with them. They then told me that I might go anywhere about in the town, but not go out of sight of the town, for if I did, there were bad Indians round about the town and they would catch me and kill me, and they said they could run like horses; and another thing they said, don't you recollect the Indians that took you prisoner and cut a lock of hair out of the crown of your head. I told them yes. Then they told me in consequence of that, if you attempted to run away, you could not live eight days. If you will stay with us and not run away, you shall not even bring water to drink. I told them I wanted to go home to my family, but I would not go without letting them know before I went. They said, very well. They appeared well pleased with me and told me again I might go anywhere about in the town, but not go out of sight of the town. I was sitting on a bench, when the old chief got up and put both his hands on my head and said something, I did not know what. Then he gave me a name and called me "Moheossea," after the old chief that was killed, who was the father of the Indian that I was given up to. Then I was considered one of that family, a Kickapoo in place of their father, the old chief. Then the principal chief took the peace pipe and smoked two or three draws. It had

a long stem about three feet in length. He then passed it round to the other Indians before they raised from their council. He held the pipe by the end and each of them took two or three draws. Then he handed it to me and I smoked. The chief then said I was a Kickapoo and that they were good Indians and that I need not be afraid; they would not hurt me, but I must not run away.

By this time their dinner was prepared and they were ready to eat. They all sat down and told me to sit by. I did, and we all eat a hearty dinner and they all appeared to be well pleased with their new adopted Kickapoo brother.

These Indians lived about six miles west of the old Kickapoo trading town, on the west side of the Wabash river. They had no traders in their town. After dinner was over, they told the interpreter Coons that I must write to their trading town for some bread. I told Coons to tell them I had nothing to write with—no paper, nor pen and ink. They said I must write. I told Coons to tell them again I had no paper nor nothing to write with. Coons told them. Then the Indian that claimed me went to his trunk and brought me a letter that had one-half sheet of it clean paper. I told Coons to tell them I wanted a pen. The same Indian went and pulled a quill out of a turkey wing and gave it to me. I told Coons I wanted a knife to make the pen. The same Indian got his scalping knife: he gave it two or three little whets and gave it to me. I then told Coons I wanted some ink. Coons says, "Ink—ink: what is tat? I ton't know what ink is." He had no name for ink in Indian or English. I told him to tell the Indian to get me some gunpowder and water and a spoon and I would make the ink myself. The Indian did so. I knew very well what their drift was; they wanted a proof to know whether I told them any lies when they examined me in their council. When I had made the ink and was ready to write I asked Coons how many loaves of bread I should write for. He says, "Ho! a couple of lofes; tay only want to know if you can write or if you told tem any lies or not." I wrote to the English trader, that I mentioned before that I had made some acquaintance with the day I passed the old trading town, for to get me two loaves of bread. He very well knew my situation and circumstances. There was a Frenchman, a baker, that lived in the trading town.

When I had finished writing, the Indian took it up and looked at it and said, "Depaway, vely good." Coons' master, a brother to the one that claimed me, told Coons to go catch his horse and take the letter for the bread, not stay, but return as soon as possible. Coons hurried off immediately and soon returned. As soon as he came back he brought the two loaves of bread and gave them to me. I then asked Coons what I should do with this bread, as he was somewhat better acquainted with the ways of the Indians than I was. He says, "Kife one loaf to tay old squaw and her two little children, and tefide the otter loaf between you and your master, put keep a pigest half." I did so. This old squaw was the mother of the two Indians that claimed Coons and myself. The old squaw and her two children soon eat their loaf. I then divided my half between the two little children again. That pleased the old squaw very much; she tried to make me sensible of her thanks for my kindness to her two little children.

While Coons was gone for the bread, the Indian that claimed me asked me to write his name. I asked him to speak his name distinctly. He did. I had heard it spoken several times before. His name was "Mahtomack." When I was done writing he took it up and looked at it and said it was "Depaway." He then went to his trunk and brought his powder horn, which had his name wrote on it by an officer at Post Vincennes in large print letters, and compared them together. They both were the same kind of letters and his name spelt exactly the same. He seemed mightily pleased and said it was "bon vely good." It was a big captain he said wrote his name on the powder-horn at Opot. The wife of the Indian that claimed me, next morning combed and queued my hair and gave me a very large ostrich feather and tied it to my hat. The Sunday following after I was taken to that town, there was a number of Indians went from that town to the old Kickapoo trading town. They took me with them to dance what is called the "Beggar's Dance." It is a practice for the Indians every spring, when they come in from their hunting ground, to go to the trading towns and dance for presents; they will go through the streets and dance before all the traders' doors. The traders then will give them presents, such as tobacco, bread, knives, spirits, blankets, tomahawks, &c.

While we were in town that day I talked with my friend McCauslin to speak to the Indians and try to get them to sell me, but they would not agree to sell me then. They said they would come down the Sunday following and bring me with them, perhaps they would then agree to sell me. They complied with their promise and brought me down with them. My friend McCauslin then inquired of them if they had agreed to sell me; they told him they would. McCauslin then sent for the interpreter, and the Indians asked one hundred buckskins for me in merchandize. The interpreter asked me if I would give it? I told him I would. The Indians then went to the traders' houses to receive their pay. They took but seventy bucks' worth of merchandize at that time. One of the articles they took was bread, three loaves, one for the Indian that claimed me, one for his wife, the other one for me. I saw directly they wanted me to go back home with them. After a little while they started and motioned and told me I must go with them. I refused to go. The Indian fellow took hold of my arm and tried to pull me forward. I still refused going with them. He still continued pulling and his wife pushing me at the back. We went scuffling along a few yards till we got before my friend McCauslin's cabin door. He discovered the bustle and asked me what the Indians wanted. I told him they wanted me to go home with them. He asked me if I wanted to go. I told him no. He then told me to walk into his cabin and sit down and he would go and bring the interpreter. I went in and the two Indians followed me into the cabin and sat down. The interpreter came in immediately and asked the Indians what they wanted. They told him they wanted me to go home with them. The interpreter then asked if I wanted to go with them. I told him no. He then told the Indians they had sold me and that they had nothing more to do with me, that I was a freeman, that I might stay where I pleased. They then said they had not received all their pay. The interpreter then asked them why they did not take it all? They said they expected I would go home with them and remain with them until I got an opportunity to go home. The interpreter then told them they could get the balance of their pay. They said if I did not go home with them they must have thirty bucks more. The interpreter asked me if I was willing to give it. I told him yes. I did

not want to go back again. The Indians then went and took their thirty dollars of balance and thirty more and went off home. I then owed the traders that advanced the goods for me one hundred and thirty buckskins for my ransom, which they considered equal to \$260 in silver. There were five traders that were concerned in the payment of the goods to the Indians. One of them was a Mr. Bazedone, a Spaniard, who sometimes traded in the Illinois country, with whom I had some acquaintance. I told him if he would satisfy the other four traders, I would give him my note, payable in the Illinois country. He did so, and I gave him my note for the \$260, to be paid twelve months after date in the Illinois country, and \$37 more for my boarding and necessaries I could not do without, such as a bear skin and blanket to sleep on, a shirt, hat, tobacco and handkerchief.

My friend McCauslin took me to a Frenchman's house—he was a baker by trade, the only baker in town—to board with him until I got an opportunity to go home. Two days after I went to stay at the baker's, the Indian that claimed me, his squaw and the young squaw that followed us to the new town, came to see me and stayed three or four hours with me. He asked me to give him some tobacco. I told him I had no money. He thought I could get anything I wanted. I bought him a carrot of tobacco; it weighed about three pounds; he seemed very well pleased. He and his wife wanted me very much to go back home with them again. I told them I could not, that I was very anxious to go home to my wife and family. Three or four days after that they revisited me, and still insisted on me to go home with them. I told them that I expected every day to get an opportunity to go home. I had some doubts about going back with them; I thought perhaps they might play some trick with me, and take me to some other town; and their water was so bad I could not drink it—nothing but a small pond to make use of for their drinking and cooking, about forty or fifty yards long and about thirty yards wide. Their horses would not only drink from, but wallow in it; the little Indian boys every day would swim in it, and the Indians soak their deerskins in it. I could not bear to drink it. When they would bring in a kettle of water to drink, they would set it down on the floor. The dogs would generally take the first drink out of the kettle. I have often seen

when the dogs would be drinking out of a kettle, an Indian would go up and kick him off, and take up the kettle and drink after the dog. They had nothing to eat the last week I was with them but Indian potatoes—some people call them hoppines—that grew in the woods, and they were very scarce. Sometimes the Indian boys would catch land terrapins. They would draw their heads out and tie a string around their neck and hang them up a few minutes, and then put them in a kettle of water with some corn—when they had it—without taking the entrails out or shell off the terrapin, and eat the soup as well as the meat. We had all liked to have starved that week; we had no meat; I was glad to get away.

I staid three weeks with the French baker before I got an opportunity to start home. I had a plenty to eat while I remained with the baker—good light bread, bacon and sandy hill cranes, boiled in leyd corn, which made a very good soup. I paid him three dollars per week for my board.

There was a Mr. Pyatt, a Frenchman, and his wife, whose residence was at St. Vincennes, with whom I had some acquaintance. They had moved up to that Kickapoo town in the fall of the year in order to trade with the Indians that winter. They were then ready to return home to Vincennes. Mr. Pyatt had purchased a drove of horses from the Indians. He had to go by land with his horses. Mrs. Pyatt hired a large perogue and four Frenchmen to take her property home to Vincennes. I got a passage in her perogue. She was very friendly to me; she did not charge me anything for my passage.

We arrived in Vincennes in forty-eight hours after we left the Kickapoo trading town, which is said to be two hundred and ten miles. The river was very high, and the four hands rowed day and night. We never put to land but twice to get a little wood to cook something to eat.

I staid five days at Vincennes before I got an opportunity of company to go on my way home. It was too dangerous for one man to travel alone by land without a gun. There was a Mr. Duff, who lived in the Illinois country, came to Vincennes to move a Mrs. Moredock and family to the Illinois. I got a passage with him by water. The morning I started from Vincennes he was just ready to start before I knew I

could get a passage with him, and I had not time to write. I got a Mr. John Rice Jones, a friend of mine, to write to Col. Edgar, living in Kaskaskia, in the Illinois, who was a particular friend of mine, and sent it by the express, a Frenchman, that was going to start that day from Vincennes to Kaskaskia, which he could ride in four days, and request Col. Edgar to write to my wife, who lived at Bellfontain, about forty miles from Kaskaskia, and inform her that I was at Post Vincennes, on my return home with a Mr. Duff by water, and inform her that I would be at Kaskaskia on a certain day; I think it was two weeks from the time I left Vincennes, and for her to send me a horse on that day to Kaskaskia. Col. Edgar wrote to her immediately, as soon as he received Mr. Jones' letter. That was the first time she heard from me after I was taken prisoner. It was thought by my friends that the Indians had killed me. I had written to her while I was at the Kickapoo town. That letter never reached her. I had two brothers living at the Bellfontain; they met me on the day I proposed being at Kaskaskia and brought me a horse. The next day I got home to the Bellfontain.